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Harriet B.
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Wheeler's
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Book

DIVINE HYMNS,

OR

SPIRITUAL SONGS;

FOR THE USE OF

RELIGIOUS ASSEMBLIES

AND

PRIVATE CHRISTIANS:

BEING FORMERLY A COLLECTION BY

JOSHUA SMITH—AND OTHERS.

ELEVENTH EDITION.

With additions and alterations.

By WILLIAM NORTHUP.

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ADVERTISMENT.

THE Editors would inform the public that there are several Editions of what are commonly called Smith's Hymns, that do not comport with the general understanding of them, being injudiciously collected. The present Edition may be depended on as genuine.

BERKELEY BAPTIST
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PREFACE.

PREACHING and praying are excellent ordinances: The former is speaking unto men, for God: The latter is speaking unto God for ourselves and all men; but when time ends they will be laid aside, being entirely useless. But singing is calculated for both worlds. In this, it is that delightful part of devotion which animates our hearts, and raises our affections, and testifies the inward joy of our souls, *Rejoice in the Lord O ye righteous, for praise is comely for the upright.* Psal. xxxiii. 1. *Thy statutes have been my song in the house of my pilgrimage.* Psal. cxix. 54. The matter of singing is God's praise. (Psal. xlvii. 6.) the manner, with a loud voice (Psal. lxxxi. 1.) making melody in our hearts to the Lord (Eph. v. 19.) with the spirit and understanding. And singing doubtless will be our employment when time shall be no more. *Rejoice ye heavens and ye that dwell in them* Rev. xii. 12. *And they sung a new song, saying thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood*—and I beheld & I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, & the beasts, & the Elders, & the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, & thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice *worthy is the Lamb,* &c. Therefore let us praise God with sincerity and awe, for he is a God of terrible majesty, he is a God of glory, and such transcendent perfection that he will not look upon us with pleasure, unless we offer praise from the heart.

WILLIAM NORTHUP.



HYMN I. *REDEMPTION,*

COME friends and relations let us join heart
and hand,
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land ;
Let us all walk together, and follow the sound,
And march to the place where redemptioin is
found.

2 The place it is hidden, the place is conceal'd ;
The place it is hidden until 'tis reveal'd ;
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go
And there find redemption from sorrow and woe.

3 The place it is hidden by reason of sin,
Alas you can't see the sad state you are in ;
You are blinded, polluted, in prison and pain,
O how can such rebels redemp'tion obtain !

4 And if you are wounded and brus'd by the fall
Then up and be doing, for you he doth call ;
And if you are tempted to doubt and despair,
Then come home to Jesus, redemp'tion is there.

5 And you my dear brethren that love my dear
Lord,

Who have witness'd free pardon by faith in his
word,

Let patience attend you wherever you be,
Your Saviour has purchas'd salvation for thee.

6 And when the archangel the trumpet shall
sound,
And awake all the dead that sleep under the
ground.

7 The sound of that trumpet will bid you arise,
To meet your redemption with joy and surprise.

7 O then loving Jesus our souls will receive,
From bonds of corruption our bodies relieve,
Then we shall be perfect and we shall be free,
We'll sing of redemption wherever we be.

8 Redeemed from sin and redeemed from death,
Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd from the
earth,
Redeem'd from damnation, redeem'd from all
woe,
We'll sing of redemption wherever we go.

9 Redeemed from sin and redeem'd from distress,
The fruits of redemption no tongue can express,
Redemption be ascribed to Jesus's love,
We'll sing of redemption in the heavens above.

H Y M N 2 P. M.

The Farewell.

FAREWELL my brethren in the Lord,
The gospel sounds a jubilee :
My stam'ring tongue shall sound aloud,
From land to land, from sea to sea ;
And as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell in bonds, and union dear ;
Like strings you twine about my heart ;
I humbly beg your earnest pray'r,
Till we shall meet no more to part—
Till we shall meet in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.

3 Farewell my earthly friends below,

Tho' all so kind and dear to me ;

M. Jesus calls and I must go

To sound the gospel jubilee—

To sound the joys, and bear the news,

To Gentile worlds and royal Jews.

4 Farewell young people one and all ;

While God shall grant me breath to breathe

I'll pray to the eternal all,

That your dear souls in Christ may live—

That your dear souls prepar'd may be,

To reign in bliss eternally !

5 Farewell to all below the sun ;

And as I pass in tears below,

The path is strait my feet shall run ;

And God will keep me as I go—

And God will keep me in his hand,

And bring me to the promis'd land.

6 Farewell, farewell ! I look above ;

Jesus my friend to thee I call ;

My joy, my crown, my only love,

My safeguard here, my heav'nly all,

My theme to preach, my song to sing,

My only joy till death—amen.

H Y M N 3 L. M.

The Hiding-place.

HAIL, sovereign love ! that first began,

The scheme to rescue fallen man :

Hail, matchless free, eternal grace,

That gave my soul a hiding-place !

2 Against the God, that built the sky,

I fought with hands uplifted high :

Despis'd the mansions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

3 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light ;
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding-place !

4 But lo ! th' eternal council rang,
Almighty love ! arrest the man ;
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

5 Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fi'ry mount I flew ;
But justice cry'd with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding-place !

6 But lo ! a heav'nly voice I heard,
And mcrey's angel soon appear'd ;
He led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

7 Should sev'n fold storms of vengeance roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole ;
No thunder-boits should daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding-place,

8 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have funk a world to hell :
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus become their hiding-place.

9 A few more rolling suns at most,
Shall land me on fair Canaan's coast ;
When I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place !

HYMN 4. C. M.

1 warning to sinners, to flee from the wrath to come-

WHEN pity prompts me to look round
Upon this fellow clay ;
See men reject the gospel sound
Good God ! what shall I say ?

2 My bowels yearn for dying men,
Doom'd to eternal woe ;
Fain would I speak, but 'tis in vain,
If God does not speak too.

3 O ! sinners, sinners wont you hear,
When in God's name I come ?
Upon your peril don't forbear,
Lest hell should be your doom.

4 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,
O ! sinners come away ;
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
Arise without delay.

5 O ! don't refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw ;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come
To execute his law.

6 Then where, poor mortals, will you be
If destitute of grace,
When you your injur'd judge shall see,
And stand before his face ?

7 O ! could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night.
From that all searching eye ?

3 But death and hell must all appear,
And you among them stand ;
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.

9 No yearning bowels, pity then
Shall not affect my heart ;
No, I shall surely say amen
When Christ bids you depart.

10 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear,
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair.

HYMN 5. C. M.

The sufferings of Christ.

A WAKE arise O saints and view
The load of sin and shame,
Transfer'd from you an heir of hell,
Upon the lovely Lamb.

2 A load so great it made him groan,
It must have sunk us low ;
Low as the dreadful deeps of hell,
In that abyfs of woe,

3 Behold the streams of sweat he sweat,
For us great drops of blood ;
Blood running down from every pore,
Which rais'd a mighty flood,

4 A flood to float our souls away,
From writhing reats of fire,
The pointed steel did reach his heart,
Till it did this ocean higher.

5 The prickling cross on which he lay,
A painful torturing bed :

A thorny pillow was prepar'd,
On which he lean'd his head.

6 The sun his light refus'd to give,
Night's sable wings unfurl'd ;
Jesus the Saviour fell asleep,
While earthquakes rock'd the world.

7 But soon he 'rose his nap was short,
And as a man from wine,
He shout'd with a mighty voice,
And made salvation mine.

8 He 'rose he 'rose he burst the gates
Of death and from his throne,
Beholds the glorious worlds of light,
And calls them all his own.

9 The sun with his most dazzling rays,
Must not with him compare ;
His glorie's one unclouded blaze,
One rolling stream most clear.

H Y M N 6.

Sheperds of Jewry.

A S sheperds in Jewry were gaurding their sheep,
Promiscuously seated estranged from sleep ;
An angel from heaven presenting to view.
And thus he accosted the trembling few ;
Dispel all your sorrows and banish your fears,
For jesus your Saviour in Jewry appears.

2 Too' Adam the first in rebellion was found,
Forbidden to tarry on hallowed ground ;

Yet Adam the second appears to retreive,
 The loss you sustained by the devil and Eve ;
 Then shepherds be tranquil, this instant arise,
 Go visit the Saviour and see where he lies.

3 A token I leave you whereby you may find,
 This heavenly stranger, this friend to mankind ;
 A manger his cradle, a stall his abode,
 And oxen are near him to blow on your God ;
 Then shepherds be humble, be meek and lie
 low,
 For Jesus your Saviour's abundantly so.

4 This wonderous story scarce col'd on the ear,
 When thousand of angels in glory appear ;
 Thus join in the concert, and this was their
 theme,
 All glory to God and good will towards men ;
 Then shepherds strike in, join your voice in the
 choir,
 And catch a few sparks of celestial fire.

5 Hosannah the angels in extacy cry,
 Hosannah the wondering shepherds reply ;
 Salvation, redemption are center'd in one,
 All gory to God for the birth of his son ;
 Then shepherds adieu, we commend you to
 God,
 Go visit the Son in his humble abode.

6 To Bethlehem city the shepherds repair'd,
 For full confirmation of what they had heard ;
 They enter'd the stable with aspect so mild,
 And there they beheld both mother and child ;
 Then make proclamation, divulge it abroad,
 That gentle and simple may hear of their Lord.

HYMN 7. C. M.

The Soldier of the Cross.

AM I a soldier of the Cross,
A foll'ower of the Lamb ?
Why should I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help us on to God ?

3 Should I be carry'd to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease ?

While others fight to win the prize,
And sail thro' bloody seas ?

4 Yes, I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage Lord,
To bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word.

5 The saints all in this glorious war,
Shall conquer tho' they die ;
They view a triumph from a far,
And see it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all their armies shine
With robes of vi>ry thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 8. L. M.

A true Christian's experience.

COME all ye saints and sinners near,
Come listen awhile and you shall hear
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The wonders of Almighty grace,
Which sat me free to sing his praise.

2 One glorious Jesus from the sky,
He said to me as he pass'd by,
Awake, arise, depart and fly,
Go hence or you will surely die.

3 Mine eyes he open'd to behold
The wonders I have never told ;
Heaven and hell I thought I saw,
And my poor soul in ruin lay.

4 I hear'd of Jesus, who they say
Could wash a sinner's sins away ;
But how to find him I did not know,
Nor how to meet with him below.

5 My flesh did war against my soul,
Temptations did me much controul ;
The weeping saints I could not slight,
Who sought their Jesus day and night.

6 The scandal of his cross I see,
That scandal it would fall on me ;
But still I thought I did behold,
I wanted Jesus more than gold.

7 I laid me down to take my rest,
Remeaning of my dreadful case,
I thought I would for mercy wait,
But then I fear'd I'd come too late.

8 I little thought he'd been so nigh,
His speaking made me smile and cry ;
He said I'm come to you my love,
I have a place for you above.

9 This glorious news I did believe,
My sins and sorrows did me leave ;

My soul entraptur'd in his love,
In hopes to go with him above—

10 There for to set and sing and tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
While we shall join in songs divine,
To praise him all his saints combine.

H Y M N 9. S. M.

An Evening Hymn.

THE day is past and gone.
The evening shades appear ;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

H Y M N 10 C. M.*A Hymn for young Converts.*

MEETHINKS I hear my Saviour call ;
His pleasant voice doth say,
“ From tents of ease, and sin, and thrall,
“ My fair one come away.”

2 God’s spirit doth his saints adorn
Like clusters on the vine ;

O ’tis a bright and glorious morn,
To see their graces shine.

3 Dear Saviour, here I panting lie,
And long to see thy face ;

O Lord I pray do not deny
A visit of thy grace.

4 Dear Saviour come, sweet Jesus come,
I long to hear thy voice ;
Jesus ride on thy pow’r assume,
And make thy saints rejoice,

5 How long shall that bright hour delay ?
When will my Lord appear,
I long to see that happy day
When Jesus will draw near.

6 O how I long to take my flight ,
My soul is on the wing ;
I long to see my heart’s delight,
And be with Christ my King.

7 Most gracious King, I love thy name,,
I long for to adore,
I long to sound thy gracious fame,
Upon the blissful shore.

8 Then let my soul absorbed be,
While God doth me surround.

As a small drop in the vast sea
Is lost and can't be found.

9 I long thy coming to behold,
Then shall thy saints adore ;
My ardent wishes can't be told,
So I can't say no more.

H Y M N II. C. M.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee !
When will my sorrow have an end ?
Thy joys, when shall I see ?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold ;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl ;
Thy streets are pav'd with Gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green
My study long have been :
Such sparkling light, by human sight
Has never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus, glorious Lord,
Why should I stay from thence ?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence !

5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregation ne'er breaks up,
And sabbaths ne'er end.

6 Jesus my love to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,

And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care ;
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 There we shall meet no more to part,
And heaven shall ring with praise ;
While Jesus' love in every heart
Shall tune the song, free grace.

9 Millions of years around me run,
Our song shall still go on ;
To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit three in one.

10 When we've been there a thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

H Y M N. 12. L. M.

The Heavenly Lover.

HE dies, the heav'nly lover dies,
The tidings strike a doleful sound !
On my poor heart-strings deep he lies,
In the cold caverns of the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two.
On the dear bosom of your God ;
He shed a thousand-drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood !

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man !

But lo ! what sudden joys I see,
Jesus the dead, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes his tomb,
Up to his farther's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Then children's children praise your God ;
Tho' now in sorrow much bow'd down,
You soon shall walk the golden streets
Where you shall wear a starry crown.

6 We'll praise King Jesus thro' the skies,
Sing glory, glory, round the throne ;
We'll mount aloft on eagle's wings—
We'll take our flight unto our home.

7 I'm glad I ever saw the day,
I came to preach, and sing and pray ;
There's glory, glory, in my soul,
This makes me praise my God so bold.

8 I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly ;
Sing glory, glory thro' the air,
Meet all my father's children there.

9 There on mount Zion I shall stand,
Crown on my head and harp in hand ;
There spend a long eternity
In praising on the heavenly key.

H Y M N 13.

The Christian's Experience.

COME brethren and sisters that love my dear
Lord,
I pray give attention and ear to my words

What a wonder of mercy ! behold now I see,
What a tender kind Saviour has done for poor me

2 I was led by the devil till lost and distress'd,
I tho't that in torments I soon should be cast,
No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.

3 Oh sinner ! said Jesus, for you I have di'd,
All glory to Jesus, my soul then reply'd :
The guilt was remov'd, my soul did rejoice,
The blood was apply'd, the witness and voice.

4 On my low bended knees before God I did fall
And glory to Jesus, for he's all in all ;
The heart of his rebel was bursted in twain,
To see my dear Jesus on Calvery slain.

5 There was peace now in heaven, and peace
upon earth,

The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth ;
Your sins are forgiven, my Saviour did say—
Oh ! witness kind heaven on this my birth-day.

6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the ground,
The time of refreshing at length I have found,
Oh Lord thou hast ravish'd my soul with thy
charms,

Let me die like Simeon, with Christ in my arms.

H Y M N 14

Christian under Darkness.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see ;
Sweet prospect, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs
Have lost all their sweets to me.

2 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
But when I am happy in him,
December is pleasant as May.

3 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

4 I should view him always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

5 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign ;
No changes of seasons or place
Would make any change in my mind,

6 While bless'd with a sense of his love.
A palace of joy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove
It Jesus would dwell with me there.

7 Lord if I indeed now am thine,
And thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why is my winter so long ?

8 O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
Or take me unto thee on high
Where winter and clouds are no more.

H Y M N 15. C. M.

The peace of a young christian's life and death.
B EST door of bliss to weary saints,
Thou art, grim death, become ;

Secur'd as in a cabinet,

Their dust is in the tomb.

2 By death they enter to those joys

Prepar'd for them above ;

There they are ever swallow'd up

In endless life and love.

3 O ! there they see as they are seen,

With clear unclouded views :

O ! there they hear of nothing else,

But joyful glorious news.

4 Anthems of joy and praise are there,

With hallelujahs sung :

Who would be fond of this vain world,

This dross, this dirt, this dung ;

5 The saints forever do behold

Their dearest Jesus' face ;

There always they admiring are

Eternal, boundless grace.

6 They're in the house not made with hands,

In heaven eternally

They dwell, and with the rays of Christ

They shine most gloriously.

7 They're fre'd from labor, sorrow, sin,

From 'cmbrance, peril, pain ;

Then we shall find what'er we did

For Christ, was not in vain.

8 Now heav'n's work is here begun,

The work of singing praise—

The work and will of God in Christ,

Which there will last always.

HYMN : 16

The Weary Traveller.

COME all you weary trav'lers,
Now let us join and sing
The everlasting praises
Of Jesus our great King.
We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome it is true ;
But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through.

2 At first when Jesus found us,
He call'd us unto him,
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into sin.

The world, the flesh and satan
Would prove a fatal snare,
Unless we did reject them
By faith and humble pray'r.

3 But by our disobed'ence,
With sorrow we confess,
We have had long to wander,
In a dark wilderness ;

Where we might long have fainted
In that enchanted ground,
But now and then a cluster
Of pleasant grapes we found.

4 The pleasant fruit of Canaan,
Give life, and joy, and peace—
Revive our drooping spirits,
And love and strength increase,
To confess our Lord and master,
As run at his command,

And hasten on our journey
Unto the promis'd land

5 With faith and hope and patience
We're made for to rejoice ;
And Jesus and his people
For ever are our choice.

In grace and consolation
We now are going on
The pleasant way to Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ is gone.

6 Sinners, why stand you idle,
While we do march along ;
Has conscience never told you
That you are going wrong,
Down the broad road to darkness
To bear an endless curse ?
Forsake your ways of sinning,
And come and go with us.

7 But if you will refuse it,
We bid you all farewell ;
While saints are bound to Canaan,
Your ways will lead to hell ;
We're sorry for to leave you,
We'd rather you would go ;
Come try a bleeding Saviour,
And see the waters flow.

8 Now to the King immortal
Be everlasting praise,
For in his holy service
We long to spend our days.
Till we arrive at Canaan
The celestial world above,
With everlasting wonder
To praise redeeming love.

HYMN 17. L. M.

The enjoyment of Heaven.

THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place :
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes—
No cares to break our long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred light, eternal noon.

HYMN 18. C. M.

On Baptism.

DEAR Lord, and will thy pard'ning love,
Embrace a wretch so vile !
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And blefs me with thy smile !

2 Hast thou the crofs for me endur'd
And all its shame despis'd !
And shall I be ashamed O Lord,
With thee to be baptiz'd ?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood ?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God ?

4 Dear Lord the ardor of thy love
 Reproves my cold delays :
 And now my willing footsteps move
 In thy delightful ways.

H Y M N 19.*On the swiftness of Time.*

MY Days, my weeks, my months, my years
 Fly rapid, like the whirling spheres,
 Around the steady pole :
 Time, like a tide, its moment keeps,
 Till I shall launch those boundless deeps,
 Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle scene ;
 How swift the moments pass between,
 And whisper as they fly,
 Unthinking man ! remember this,
 Thou 'midst thy sublunary bliss,
 Must groan, and gasp, and die !

3 My soul attend the solemn call ;
 Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
 And thou must take thy flight
 Beyond the vast extensive blue,
 To love and sing as angels do,
 Or sink in endless night

4 Eternal bliss, eternal woe
 Hangs on this inch of time below.—
 On this precarious breath ;
 The God of nature only knows
 Whether another year shall close
 Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall run its round,
I may be bury'd under ground,
And there in silence rot !
Alas ! one hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months may roll between
My name be quite forgot.

6 But shall my soul be then extin&t;
Or cease to live, or cease to think ?
It cannot, cannot be ;
Thou my immortal, cannot die
What wilt thou do, or whither fly
When death shall set thee free ?

7 Will mercy then its arms extend
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
And heav'n thy dwelling place ?
Or shall insulting fiends appear
To drag the down to dark despair,
Beyond the reach of grace ?

8 A heaven or hell or these alone,
Beyond this mortal life are known—
There is no middle state ;
To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

9 O do not pass this life in dre...ns ;
Vast is the change, what er'e it seems,
To poor unthinking men ;
Lord, at thy foot-stool I would bow,
Bid conscience tell me plainly now
What it will tell me then.

10 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose that better way,
Which leads to joys on high ;

Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
 Nor let me ever dare to live
 Such as I dare not die.

H Y M N 20. S. M.

A prospect of Christ's Church.

BEHOLD a lovely vine,
 Here in this desert ground ;
 The blosoms shoot and promise fruit,
 And tender grapes are found.

2 It's circling branches rise,
 And shades the neigh'b'ring lands ;
 With lovely charms she speads her arms,
 With clusters in her hands.

3 This city can't be hid,
 It's built upon a hill :
 The dazz'ling light, it shines so bright,
 It doth the vallies fill.

4 Ye trees which lofty stand,
 And stars with spark'ling light—
 Ye christians hear, both far and near,
 'Tis joy to see the sight.

5 Ye insects, feeble race,
 And fish that glide the stream—
 Ye birds that fly secure on high,
 Repeat the joyful theme.

6 Ye beasts that feed at home,
 Or roam the vallies round,
 With lofty voice proclaim the joys,
 And join the pleasant sound.

7 Shall feeble nature sing,
 And man not join the lays ?

O may their throats be swell'd with notes,
And fill'd with songs of praise.

8 Glory to God on high,
For his redeeming grace ;
The blessed dove came from above,
To save our ruin'd race.

H Y M N 21. L. M.

The pressure of Sin.

O THAT my load of sin was gone—
O that I could at last submit !

At Jesus' feet to lay me down,
To lay me down at Jesus' feet,

2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
The God of my salvation see ?

Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,
Yet still I cannot come to thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find ;
Saviour if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

4 I would (but thou must give me pow'r)
My heart were from its sins releas'd :

O let me see that happy hour,
'Twill fill my soul with heav'nly peace.

5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Let not thy Jesus long delay,
Appeal in my poor heart, appear,
My God, my Saviour, come I pray.

H Y M N 22. L. M.

The returning Penitent's Return.

WEARY of strugg'ling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst my nature's chain
Hardly I give the contest o'er,
I seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease,
God that creates must seal my peace :
Fruitless my toil and vain my care,
And all my fitness is despair.

3 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin but cannot feel :
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th'obedient waters flow.

4 'Tis thine, a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive ;
Here then to thee, I all resign,
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

5 With simple truth to thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all ;
I wait the moving of the pool—
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

6 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure ;
Peace, righteousness and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

H Y M N 23 S. M.

For Baptism.

LET heav'n and earth rejoice,
And sacred anthems raise,

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For free and sov'reign grace.

2 Behold the spotless Lamb,
Descending from above,

To bring the earthly strangers home,
Upon the wings of love.

3 O may our souls rejoice,
His precepts to obey ;

Who to fulfil all righteousness,
Mark'd out the humble way.

4 Thus Jesus did descend,
Into the liquid stream ;

Which teaches sinners not to scorn,
What him so well became.

5 O may we then march on,
Nor fear what men shall say ;
Deny ourselves and take our cross,
Since Jesus leads the way.

6 We dare no longer stand,
As neutrals to thy cause ;
But by the help of grace we'll yield
Obed'ence to thy laws.

7 Into the wat'ry tomb,
We cheerfully descend,
In token of our faith and love
To our celestial friend.

8 Lord meet us here this day,
Who come to do thy will ;

Grant us thy presence, dearest Lord,
Thy promis'd grace fulfil.

9 Descend, O heav'nly Dove,
And wing our souls away,

Up to that bright and happy shore :
Of everlasting day.

10 This day I'll make my choice
To serve the Lord most high ;
Deny myself, take up the cross,
And do it cheerfully.

H Y M N 24. L. M.

P R A Y E R.

P RAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God design'd to give :
Long as they live should christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.

2 The christian prays while God indites,
He speaks as prompted from within,
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy pray'rs,
My soul thou hast a friend on high,
Arise and try thy int'rest there.

4 If pains afflict, if wrongs oppress,
If cares distress, if fears dismay,
If guilt dejects, if sins distract,
Thy remedy's before thee—pray.

5 It's prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou can or cannot speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

6 Depend on him you cannot fail
Make all your wants and wishes known ;

Fear not his mercies must prevail,
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

HYMN 25. S. M.

CHRIST *All-sufficient.*

L ORD, whither shall I flee ?
That I may be secure
The law proclaims destruction near,
And thunders round me roar.

2 My guilty conscience speaks,
And tells me of my crime :
How foolish I have spent my days,
And wasted all my time.

4 And satan he presents,
That 'tis too late to pray,
The time and means of grace are spent,
And I have lost my day.

4 Now horrors seize my mind,
With darkness and despair,
I must be driv'n from earth to hell,
To where the damned are.

5 These thoughts distress my mind,
And I am fill'd with fear,
While I am held in hard suspence,
Presumption and despair.

6 If I continue here,
I certain shall be lost,
If I go back to sin again,
Damnation will be just.

7 I'll risk my 'ternal all—
I'll prostrate on the ground.

Dear Jesuſ, for one ſov'reign word,
To heal my mortal wound.

8 Unto thy feet I fall,
And ſov'reign mercy crave ;
Dear Jeſus thou, and thou alone,
Art able for to ſave.

9 And whilſt the Lord delays,
My heart begins to break,
Yet ſuddenly ſome joys I feel,
I hear a Saviour ſpeak.

10 "Cheer up for I have di'd,
" My precious blood is ſpilt ;
" Behold my flowing crimson stream,
" To wash away your guilt."

11 My fears and grief and guilt,
Did iſtantly depart,
Strange and ſurprisingly I felt,
Wrapt in my Saviour's heart;

12 Strangely my ſtate was chang'd,
And I began to ſing.
All glory to the God of love,
Who doth ſuch ſweetneſs bring.

13 I'll praise thee while I live—
I'll praise thee when I die—
I'll prife thee when I riſe again,
And to eternity.

H Y M N 26

The Christian's Inquiry

TIS a point I long to know,
Or it cauſes anxious thoughts ;

Do I love the Lord or no ?

Am I his or am I not ?

2 If I love, why am I thus ?

Why this dull and lifeless frame ?

Hardly sure can they be worse,

Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,

Pray'r a task and burden prove,

Ev'ry trifle gives me pain,

If I knew a Saviour's love ?

4 When I turn mine eyes within,

All is darkness vain and wild ;

Fill'd with unbelief and sin,

Can I deem myself a child ?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,

Sin is mix'd with all I do ;

You that love the Lord indeed,

Tell me, is it thus with you ?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,

Find my sin a grief and thrall ;

Should I grieve for what I feel,

If I did not love at all ?

7 Should I joy his saints to meet,

Choose the way I once abhor'd

Find at times the promise sweet

If I did not love the Lord ?

8 Lord decide this doubtful case,

Thou who art thy people's sun,

Shine upon thy work of grace,

If indeed it be begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,

If I love at all, I'll pray :

If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin this day.

HYMN 27.

The Judgment Hymn.

THE great tremendous day's approaching,
That awful scene is drawing nigh ;
Was long foretold by ancient prophets
Decreed from all eternity.

2 But O my soul reflect and wonder !
That awful scene is drawing near,
When you shall see that great transaction,
When Christ in judgment shall appear.

3 See nature stand all in amazement,
To hear the last loud trumpet sound,
Arise ye dead and come to judgment !
Ye nations of this world around.

4 Loud thunders rumbling thro' the concave ;
Bright forked lightning part the skies ;
The heaven's a shaking the earth a quaking,
The gloomy sight attracts my eyes.

5 The orbit lamps all veil'd in sackcloth,
No more their shining circuits run :
The wheel of time stopt in a moment ;
Eternal things are now begun.

6 Huge massy rocks and tow'ring mountains,
Over their tumbling basis roar
The raging ocean all in commotion,
Is hov'ring round her frightened shore.

7 Green turf'y grave-yards and tombs of marble
Give up their dead both small and great ;

See the who'e world both saints and sinners,
Are coming to the judgment seat.

8 See Jesus on the throne of justice,
Come thund'ring down the parted skies,
With countless armies of shining angels,
With hallelujahs, shout for joy.

9 Bright shining streams from his awful presence
His face ten thousand suns outshine ;
Behold him coming in pow'r and glory,
To meet him all his saints combine.

10 Go forth ye heralds with speed like lightning,
Call in your saints from distant lands,
Those that my blood from hell hath ransom'd,
Whose names in life's fair book do stand.

11 O come ye blessed of my Father,
The purchase of my dying love ;
Receive the crowns of life and glory
Which are laid up for you above.

12 For you, dear souls which have continu'd,
With me and my temptations bore,
I have provided for you a kingdom,
To reign with me forevermore.

13 There's flowing fountains of living water,
No sickness, pain, nor death to fear ;
No sorrow, sighing, no tears nor weeping
Shall ever have admittance here.

14 But how will sinners stand and tremble,
When justice calls them to the bar ;
Those that reject his offer'd mercy,
Their everlasting doom to hear.

15 See justice now with indignation,
Calling aloud for sinners blood ;

Those that have slighted offer'd mercy,
And crucifi'd the Son of God.

16 Depart from me ye cursed sinner
My face you never more shall see :
Be banish'd from my peaceful presence,
To endless woe and misery.

17 Each guilty soul then struck with horror
An languish throbbing in their breast,
For to doom'd to endless sorrow,
And never more to hope for rest.

18 O sinners here's a faithful warning,
Repent of Jesus while you may ;
For he will forgive you,
Or else you must part away.

H Y M N 28.

GETHSEMANE.

GREAT high priest we view thee stooping,
With our names upon thy breast ;
In the garden groaning, drooping
To the ground, with sorrow prest.

2 Wond'ring angels stood confounded,
To behold their Maker thus :
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us !

3 On the cross thy body broken
Cancels every penal tye,
Tempted souls produce the token
All demands to satisfy.

4 All is finish'd do not doubt it,
But believe your dying Lord,

Never reason more about it,
Only take him at his word.

5 Lord we fain would trust the solely,
'Twas for us thy blood was spilt ;
Praised bridegroom, take us wholly,
Take and make us what thou wilt.

6 Thou hast borne the bitter sentence
Past on man's devoted race ; —
True belief and true repentance,
Are thy gifts, thou God of grace.

H Y M N 29. C. M.

The true Penitent.

HARK hear the sound on earth is found,
My soul delights to hear
Of dying love, that's from above,
Of pardon bought so dear.

2 God's Ministers like flames of fire
Are passing thro' the land,
The voice is heard "repent and fear"
"King Jesus is at hand."

3 God's chariots they no longer stay,
They're mounted on the truth ;
The saints in pray'r cry Lord draw near,
Have mercy on the youth.

4 Young converts sing and praise their king,
And blest is God's holy name ;
While older saints, true penitents
Rejoice to join the theme.

5 God grant a show'r of his great pow'r
On every aching heart,

Who sincerely to God do cry,
That they may have a part.

6 Come lovely youth embrace the truth
Agree with one accord,
And use your tongues while you are young,
In praising of the Lord.

H Y M N 30. L. M.

A hymn for a young Convert.

WHEN converts first begin to sing,
Their happy souls are on the wing,
Their theme is all redeeming love,
Fain would they be with Christ above.

2 With admiration they behold
The love of Christ that can't be told,
They view themselves upon the shore,
And think the battle all is o're.

3 They feel themselves quite free from pain,
And think their enemies are slain,
They make no doubt but all is well,
And satan is cast down to hell.

4 They wonder why old saints don't sing,
And make the heav'nly arches ring—
Ring with melodious joyful sound,
Because a prodigal is found.

5 But 'tis not long before they feel
Their feeble souls begin to reel,
They think their former hopes are vain,
For they are bound in satan's chain.

6 The morning that did shine so bright,
Is turned to the shades of night :

Their hearts that did with music sing
Are now untun'd in every string.

7 O ! foolish child, why didst thou boast
In the enlargement of thy coast ?
Why didst thou think to fly away
Before thou leav'st this feeble clay ?

8 Come take up arms and face the field,
Come gird on harness, sword and shield,
Stand fast in faith, fight for your king,
And soon the vict'ry you shall win.

9 When satan comes to tempt your minds
Then meet him with these blessed lines—
For Christ our Lord has swept the field
And we're determin'd not to yield.

H Y M N 31. L. M.

The UNION.

FROM whence doth this Union arise ?
That hatred is conquer'd by love,
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 O ! why then soloth for to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again,

Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
A distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Leaving these vile bodies of clay,
United with Jesus in love.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
Singing hallelujah, amen :
Amen, even so let it be.

H Y M N . 32.

CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.

THRO'OUT our Saviour's life we trace—
Nothing but shame and deep disgrace ;
No per'od else was seen ;
Till he a spotless victim fell,
Tasting in soul a painful hell,
Caus'd by the creature's sin.

2 On the cold ground methinks I see
My Jesus kneel and pray for me ;
For this I'll him adore :
Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
Blood drops did force their passage out,
Thro' every opening pore.

3 A crown of thorns his temples bore,
His back with lashes all was tore,
Till one the bones might see !
Mocking they push'd him here and there,
Marking his way with blood and tears,
Press'd by sin's heavy tree.

4 Thus up the hill he painful came,
Round him they mock'd and made their game ;
At length his cross they rear—
And can you see the mighty God
Cry out beneath sin's heavy load.
Without one thankful tear ?

5 Thus veiled in humanity,
He dies with anguish on the tree !
What tongue his grief can tell ?
The shudd'ring rocks their heads decline,
The morning sun refus'd to shine
When the redeemer fell.

6 Shout brethren, shout with songs divine,
He drank the gall to give us wine
To quench our parching thirst :
Seraphs advance your voices high'r,
Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,
To praise your precious Christ.

H Y M N 33. C. M.
A Son's farewell.

I HEAR the gospel's joyful sound,
An organ I shall be,
For to sound forth redeeming love,
And sinner's misery.

2 Honor'd parents fare you well,
My Jesus doth me call,
I leave you hear with God until
I meet you once for all.

3 My due affections I'll forsake,
My parents and their house,
And to the wilderness betake,
To pay the Lord my vows.

- 4 Then I'll forsake my chiefest mates,
That nature could afford,
And wear the shield into the field,
To wait upon the Lord.
- 5 Then thro' the wilderness I'll run,
Preaching the gospel free :
O be not anxious for your son,
The Lord will comfort me.
- 6 And if thro' preaching I shall gain
True subjects to my Lord,
'Twill more than recompense my pain,
To see them love the Lord.
- 7 My soul doth wish mount Zion well,
What'er becomes of me ;
There my best friends and kindred dwell,
And there I long to be.

H Y M N 34.

Come and welcome to JESUS CHRIST.

- COME ye sinners poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with pow'r ;
He is able, he is able, he is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh ;
Without money, without money, without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requires,
Is to feel your need of him ;
This he gives you, this he gives you, this he gives
you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beams.

4 Come ye weary heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous, not the righteous, not the
righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 View him grov'ling in the garden,
Lo your maker prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finish'd, it is finish'd, it is finish'd,
Sinners will not this suffice ?

6 Lo th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood ;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude,
None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heav'n
weetly echo with his name,
Lujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
here may sing the same,

HYMN 35. L. M.

The condescending love and mercy of God in fallen man's Redemption.

GOD's pow'r and wisdom is display'd
In ev'ry thing his hands have made ;
But more his mercy and his grace,
In saving fallen Adam's race.

2 The matchless grace and love of God
Appears in shedding of his blood,
For poor apostate Adam's seed,
Was condescending love indeed.

3 How could th' Lord the great creator
Consent t' be a feeble creature,
And leave his glorious realms of bliss,
To sojourn in this wilderness ?

4 The God who heay'n and earth did frame,
Who counts the stars, and calls their names,
He, for our sake, did stoop so far,
As to become a carpenter.

5 He veil'd his Godhead with our flesh,
And underwent a human birth ;
Full thirty years both night and day,
He bore our heavy load of clay.

6 O ! was not this a heay'n's wonder,
He suffer'd weariness and hunger ?
In all the works his hands had made,
Could find no where to lay his head,

7 But this was nothing what he felt,
He bore our load of sin and guilt ;
By imputation he was then
The greatest sinner of all men.

8 Methinks I hear his father say,
" The utmost farthing you must pay :
" My injur'd justice must have right,
" I can't abate one single mite.

9 " Since you espouse the sinners cause,
" You must fulfill my righteous laws ;
" Altho' you are my darling son,
" I will have right and justice done !"

10 Hark how the Saviour then reply'd ;
" Since justice must be satisfy'd,
" I am your most obed'nt son ;
" My father let thy will be done !

11 " I give myself into thy hands,
" Let justice have its full demands :
" If all my blood will pay the debt,
" Man sha'n't be lost for want of that.

12 " If that my life will but attone
" For the offence that man has done,
" I freely will resign my breath
" To save their precious souls from death."

13 Amidst his sorrows for a space,
His father hid his smiling face,
Which did extort such bitter cries
As fill'd all nature with surprize.

14 Those piercing words *Eli, Eli,*
Likewise *Lama Sabachthani !*
Which our expiring Lord did speak,
They made the universe to shake.

15 Well might the sun its glory veil,
And ev'ry thing in nature fail
And blush, had they but eys to see
Their maker hanging on a tree.

16 What adamantine hearts of stone
 Could hear a Saviour's dying groans,
 And not lament in any shape,
 Except some hard'ned reprobate ?

17 How could the spotless Lamb of God
 Consent to spill his precious blood
 To save a stubborn guilty wretch ?
 'Twas love indeed without a match !

18 O what is sin, that spawn of hell ?
 Its dreadful nature who can tell ?
 No man on earth nor Gabriel's tongue,
 Can e're express what sin has done.

19 God's grace and love to fallen man,
 Our human reach can never scan !
 An angel's tongue can say no more,
 It is a sea without a shore.

20 Arise ye stupid souls and view
 What your dear Lord has done for you ;
 And spend the remnant of your days
 In striving to advance his praise.

21 To Father, Son, and Spirit too,
 All praise and honor is their due,
 From spotless angels round the throne,
 And human creatures ev'ry one.

H Y M N 36. C. M.

The love of Christ to his Saints.

NOW who are they who dare to say,
 I've been too kind to these ;
 A right I have to damn or save,
 If men will not believe.

2 Those robes they wear that shine so fair,
And dazzle like the sun,
I've kept above wrapt up in love ;
And angels ne'er had one.

3 Dear saints, but I was forc'd to die,
Or you must naked gone ;
They'er made for you, I know they'll do,
For I have try'd them on.

4 Lord, when shall we like angels be,
And travel thro' the air ;
And all thy hosts travel this coast,
And meet together there.

H Y M N 37. C. M.

At the meeting of Friends.

WELL met dear friends; in Jesus' name,
Come let us now rejoice,
While we our Saviour's praise proclaim,
With cheerful hearts and voice.

2 But O ! dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heav'nly dove,
His graces to diffuse abroad,
To warm our hearts with love.

3 In vain; dear Saviour, here we meet,
Except thy face we see ;
Thy presence makes a heav'n most sweet
When'er we meet with thee.

4 A dungeon shows a heav'nly dawn,
Where with thee we dwell ;
But when thy presence is withdrawn,
A palace proves a hell.

- 5 Then O ! dear Jesu, condescend
 To meet us with a smile ;
 Thy spirit's quick'ning influ'nce send,
 And purge our hearts from guile.—
- 6 That at the close, each one may say,
 “ We've met not here in vain ;
 “ For we have tasted heaven to day,
 Nor could we more contain.”

H Y M N 38. C. M.

At parting of Friends.

- 1 L ORD, when together here we meet,
 And taste thy heav'nly grace ;
 Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
 We're loth to leave the place
- 2 But Father, since it is thy will,
 That we must part again ;
 Yet let thy special presence still,
 With ev'ry one remain.
- 3 And let us all in Christ be one,
 Bound with the cords of love ;
 Till we before thy glorious throne,
 Shall joyful meet above.
- 4 There void of all distracting pains,
 Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;
 But in seraphic, endless strains,
 Redeeming love admire.
- 5 All sin and sorrow from each heart,
 Shall then forever fly ;
 Nor shall a thought that we must part,
 Once interrupt our joy.

6 And thus to all eternity,
Upon the heav'nly shore,
The great mysterious one in three,
Jehovah we'll adore.

H Y M N . 39. C. M.

A N O T H E R.

NOW, Lord, tho' we must part awhile,
Upon the sacred road ;
Yet let thy face upon us smile,
And keep us close to God.

2 And if again on earth we meet,
Lord let us meet with thee ;
And let thy gracious presence sweet,
From bondage set us free.

3 This, only this, we humbly crave,
While earth is our abode :
That we with Christ and saints may have
Communion on the road,

4 For since our fellowship below,
Afford such joys and love,
We long its full extent to know
When we shall meet above.

5 And Lord, let this excite us on,
To keep the narrow way :
Till we shall meet around thy throne,
To spend an endless day.

6 Celestial dove, our souls inspire,
Maintain this flame of love ;
Till we shall meet that glorious choir,
Of worshippers above.

HYMN 40. L. M.

Advice to youth, from Eccl. xii.

NOW is the time, O lovely youth,
To think on your creator God ;
Attend the words of sacred truth,
While in the day of youthful blood.

2 This is the only way to find,
The paths of peace and endless joy—
The way to store your youthful mind
With pleasure that will never cloy.

3 But if you foolishly delay,
And hearken to the tempter's breath,
To walk in the destructive way,
Till age comes on, or sudden death—

4 O think what dreadful risk you run—
To hazard your immortal soul,
To be eternally undone,
And plung'd where endless sorrows roll.

5 Behold the wretch advanc'd in years,
And with his years grown old in sin ;
No more repentance now appears,
Than when his life did first begin.

6 Lo still upon the horrid brink
Of everlasting wrath he goes ;
Anon with horror down to sink,
Into the gulf of endless woes.

7 Young sinners then a warning take,
Now in your precious days of youth ;
All flatt'ring vanities forsake,
And take th' advice of sacred truth.

HYMN. 41. L. M.

A Hymn on the preciousness of CHRIST.

THE name of Christ how sweet it sounds,
How sweet the mention of his wounds,
How good, how excellently good
Is the dear name of Jesus' blood.

2 What makes it so to me, is this,
All that's in Christ my portion is ;
I'm his and shall forever be,
And all he has is made to me.

3 O ! what a great estate have I,
A heaven to all eternity ;
I'm rich, the Lamb hath made me so,
Nor can I greater riches know.

4 O law, I dread thy threats no more,
My Saviour yonder paid the score ;
His blood, I know has blotted all,
The hand against me on the wall.

5 The promises I glad look o'er,
And thankfully the Lamb adore ;
For when he di'd he left his will,
And these his legacies reveal'd.

6 What did my Saviour at his death,
To me, unworthy me bequeath ;
His life, his death, his wounds and blood,
He left me when he went to God.

7 His new eternal testament
I read, and much sweet time is spent,
In searching ev'ry verse and line ;
How much my Jesus' will is mine ?

8 My dear testator will I bless,
While wearing his pure righteousness :
He di'd and left me this I'll tell,
Or I had naked gone to hell.

9 His sacred name I'll still adore,
And praise my Jesus more and more ;
My heart, my tongue his praise shall prove,
In earth below and heav'n above.

10 O ! the vast debt of love I owe,
My soul in time can ne'er bestow :
Eternity, it has no bound,
So let my praise to thee be found.

H Y M N 42. C. M.

On GRACE.

HEAVENLY thoughts create my song,
And set my heart on fire,
And glides my pleasing thoughts along,
To join the heav'ly choir.

2 While trav'ling thro' this desert land,
My weary soul shall rest ;
Guided by Jesus' gentle hand,
To lean upon his breast.

3 Here I will ease my burden'd mind,
And tell him all my grief ;
From Jesus' blood my soul shall find,
The streams of sweet relief.

4 I'll lay me down within his arms,
And view his lovely face ;
As one o'ercome by sov'reign charms,
And lost in his embrace.

- 5 Here I'll behold with joy divine,
The springs of rising bliss,
And joy to see that Christ is mine,
And view that I am his.
- 6 The views of my dear bleeding King,
Strike an immortal flame :
Raptur'd with joy my soul shall sing
The praise of Jesus' name—
- 7 Shall sing like the redeemed throng,
Of my incarnate God ;
His love shall be my ceaseless song,
Who wash'd me in his blood.
- 8 High on the throne my Saviour reigns ;
Angels adore my king ;
In lofty, sweet Seraphic strains,
My Saviour's praise they sing.
- 9 There I'll adore my dying God,
And bow before his face ;
I'll sing of Jesus' wounds and blood,
And praise victorious grace.
- 10 Amidst th' eternal sacred true—
Among the starry plains,
My soul shall sing as angels do,
In sweet celestial strains.
- 11 The heav'ly flame shall still aspire,
Before my Saviour's throne ;
His love shall feed the sacred fire,
To praise the holy one.

H Y M N 43.

A soul's view : Or, partaking of the Lord's supper.
THE table spread, my soul there 'spies
The victim bleeds, the Saviour dies,

In anguish on the tree !
 I hear his dying groans ! I prove,
 His bleeding heart his dying love !
 He di'd my soul for thee.

2 The table's spread--the royal food
 Is Jesus' sacred flesh and blood,
 A feast of love divine ;
 His bleeding heart ! his dying groans !
 His sacred blood for sin attones——
 Attones, my soul, for thine.

3 The feast is spread with bleeding hands,
 Bedew'd with blood, and lo, it stands
 To fill the hungry mind ;
 'Tis free and whosoever will
 May feast his soul, and drink his fill
 And grace and glory find.

4 Whilst at the table sits the King,
 Raptur'd with joy, my soul shall sing,
 With an immortal flame ;
 My Saviour's grace I'll still adore,
 With joy I'll love him more and more,
 And bleis his sacred name.

5 O ! sacred flesh O solemn feast !
 When Christ my Lord, the royal guest,
 Is at his table foûnd ;
 'Tis adds new glories to my joy——
 He bids me sing and well I may,
 It makes my bliss abound.

Is thus my soul by faith is fed,
 On God's food with living bread,
 A sopna from above——
 On sacred flesh; on dying blood !
 I am full of God,
 In the wine of love.

6 If is an early antipast,
Of heav'nly bliss it is a taste,
A taste on earthly ground.
If here so sweet—if here we prove
Seraphic joy—celestial love,
In heaven what will be found?

H Y M N 44. L. M.

Gospel minister's call, or commission.—From several scriptures.

THUS, saith the Lord, your master dear,
O ye, his servants, whom he sends
To preach his gospel, far and near ;
E'en to the world's remotest ends.

2 “ Go forth ye heralds in my name,
“ Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound ;
“ The glorious jubilee proclaim,
“ where'er the human race is found.

3 “ Convince a world of sinners blind,
“ And shew them where their danger lies ;
“ The broken hearted careful blind,
“ And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

4 “ Be wise as serpents where you go,
“ Yet harmless as the peaceful dove ;
“ And let your whole deportment show,
“ That you're committion'd from above.

5 “ And as you freely have receiv'd,
“ E'en so to others freely give ;
“ So shall your message be believ'd,
“ And many dying sinners live.”

6 “ Master, thy word we have obey'd
“ Said Christ's sweet messengers of peace,

“ And lo, the devils are dismay'd,
“ Trembling they flee before our face.”

7 Oh ! if I had an angel's voice,
And could be hear'd from pole to pole,
I would to all the list'ning world,
Proclaim thy goodness to my soul,

8 O happy servants of the Lord,
Who thus their master's will obey :
Immensely great is the reward,
They shall receive another day.

H Y M N 45. C. M.

Divine Fortitude.

DIDST thou dear Jesus suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me ?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be ?

2 Forbid it Lord that I should dread,
To suffer shame or loss ;
But in thy footsteps let me tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold ;
Let knowledge, faith and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

4 Say to my soul, why dost thou fear
The face of feeble man ?
Behold thy heav'nly captain's here,
Before thee in the van.

5 O how my soul would up and run,
At this reviving word ;

Nor any painful suff' ring's shun,
To follow thee my Lord;

6 For this let men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will ;
Lo I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still.

7 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my pow'rs resign ;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

PAUSE.

8 I'll cheerfully take up the cross,
And follow thee my Lord ;
Submit to tortures, shame and loss,
At thy commanding word,

9 But this I promise to fulfil,
Through thy assisting grace,
For I'm pow'rless and a week will,
I must with shame confess,

10 But let thy grace sufficient be,
In ev'ry time of need :
Then, Lord, I'll boldly fight for thee,
And ev'ry time succeed.

H Y M N 46. C. M.

The rich provision of the Gospel.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak ;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of satan's rage,
Does thy salvation flow ;

It's not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share ;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Come all ye wretched sinners come,
He'll form your souls anew ;
His gospel and his heart has room
For rebels, such as you.

5 His doctrine is Almighty love,
There's virtue in his name,
To turn a raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

6 O could we raise a song of praise,
Half equal to his love ;
The heav'ns would ring, while we should sing,
Thro' all the courts above.

H Y M N 47.

The pilgrim's song.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As you journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are trav'ling homic to God,
In the way your fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ! ye banish'd seed be glad,
Cau'lit our advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh abhimes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout ye little flocks and bless,
You on Jesus' arms shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There's your kingdom and reward.

5 O ! ye breth'ren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord, obed'ently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

H Y M N 48.

Celestial Watering.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us Lord a gracious rain,
All will come to dissolution,
Unless thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high :
Lest for want of thy assistance,
Ev'ry plant will droop and die.

3 Surely once the garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green ;
There thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fir'd with zeal, and love and truth;
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth.
- 6 Some in whom our souls delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 7 Younger plants to sight how pleasant,
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frost has nip'd them in the bud.
- 8 Dear Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.
- 9 Let our mut' al' love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one esteem thy servant,
And shun the world's bewitching snare.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony hearts to flesh:
And now begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN : 49. L. M.

Wonders of Redeeming Love.

O NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Come sing aloud in Jesus' name
Come you who Jesus' kindness prove,
Come triumph in redeeming love.

2 Come you, alas ! whoe'er have been,
The willing slaves of death and sin;
Come now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, stop and taste redeeming love.

3 Come mourning souls dry up your tears.
And banish all your guilty fears ;
And see the guilt secure remov'd,
'Tis cancel'd by redeeming love.

4 Come welcome all by sin opprest,
Come welcome to this sacred rest ;
There's nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but true redeeming love.

5 'Tis he subdues th' infernal pow'rs,
And his tremendous foes are ours ;
Our foes are from his empire drove,
He's mighty in redeeming love.

6 Come hither and your music bring,
Come strike aloud your joyful string ;
Come mortals join the praise above !
He's mighty in redeeming love.

H Y M N . 50. C. M.

The Fair Mansions.

WE in this tabernacle mourn,
For immortality ;
Burden'd with sin we daily groan,
And long to be set free.

2 We view this world not as our home,
But sojourn in a vale ;
We seek a city yet to come,
Where joy shall never fail.

- 3 We have an house above the sky,
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space ;
Where we shall dwell eternally,
To see our Saviour's face.
- 4 Roll on, roll on our peaceful years,
And bring our souls to rest ;
Where troubles end and doubts and fears,
No more disturb our breast.
- 5 Then shall we bid a long farewell,
To all these fleeting things ;
Our clay in earth we leave to dwell,
To mount on sacred wings.
- 6 Swifter than thought we soar on high,
Above those twinkling stars ;
Pass through the regions of the sky,
And all those rolling spheres.
- 7 The sun ere long will disappear,
And sinners feel their loss ;
While we ascend thro' yielding air,
And steer th' eternal course.
- 8 Now winged time is known no more,
Eternity begins !
Our souls have gain'd the heav'nly shore,
And view th' amazing scenes.
- 9 There songs begin to sound so sweet,
Our raptur'd souls on fire,
To bow around our Saviour's feet,
And join the heav'nly choir.
- 10 Unnumber'd years shall gently roll,
And each increase their bliss
When God shall say unto each soul,
Come dwell where Jesus is.

11 Then will our blessed Jesus come,
And bid the dead arise ;
And call his weary children home,
To mansions in the skies.

12 Where sin and sorrow all shall cease,
And tears be wip'd away ;
And nothing shall disturb our peace,
To one eternal day.

HYMN 51. L. M.

Praise to Redeeming Grace.

DIFFUSE thy beams and teach my heart,
Now with genial warmth to glow :
For lo ! without thy heav'nly art,
In vain my lofty numbers flow.

2 Magnificent, free grace arise,
Outshine the thoughts of shallow man ;
Sov'reign, preventing, all divine,
To him that neither will'd nor ran.

3 Grand is the bosom whence thou flow'd,
Kind is the heart that gave thee vent ;
Rich is the gift that God bestow'd,
Lovely, and so like Christ he sent.

4 Grace by righteousness doth reign,
Wrought by the sacred life of God ;
Where sin is spoil'd, grace shall maintain
Its right in Jesus' sacred blood.

5 Who counts the sands that bound the sea,
Not half his sins can number o'er ;
And ah ! what millions yet, but see
Grace has ten thousand mercies more.

- 6** Infinite grace, how full of God !
 In ev'ry work of thine—there glows
 New glories in thy sacred blood,
 There life divine eternal flows.
- 7** We bowing, sing thy death so strong,
 Which all our souls from death defends ;
 Shout ye redeem'd—for here your song
 Begins, and never—never ends.

H Y M N 52. . L. M.

On eternal Love.

- E**TERNAL love, the darling song,
 Well pleasing to Jehovah's ear ;
 Attend ye fav'd, ye pardon'd throng,
 With all your graceful notes draw near.
- 2** 'Tis your's to sing th' eternal date
 Of love divine, and how it moves
 To helpless man, with gladness great,
 Sing loud, for God the song approves.
- 3** Hail bethl'em ! hail that ruddy morn,
 Whose rays adorn the infant God ;
 Messiah, of a virgin born,
 A God, a man to die in blood.
- 4** For us, salvation wide displays
 Her ambient, refreshing wing ;
 In Jesus' name, that love we'll praise,
 And all its peerless glories sing.
- 5** We sing the garden and the tree,
 Red with the blood that cries for peace :
 Heav'n echoes back as pleas'd in thee,
 To shew its glories and its grace.

- 6 We sing a note that high prevails,
Above the angels free from sin ;
Who cannot taste the love that heals,
The sweets of conscience thus made clean.
- 7 Thy love, O Jesus is the theme,
The song of saints shall ever grow :
All ages to the church proclaim,
How sweetly doth their numbers flow.
- 8 Here shall the guilty, who has lost
The divine favour by his sin,
Find worth that he can safely trust,
A righteousness to glory in.

HYMN 53.

Guilt and distress, inseparable companions.

SIN is the fatal cause of woe,
The spring from whence our troubles flow,
Yet when we take a view
Of those who sin in ev'ry breath,
Yet feel no checks in life and death,
We scarce believe it true.

2 Thousands around seem highly bless'd,
Who treat religion as a jest,
A fable or a song ;
Down life's impet'ous stream they glide,
Favour'd with canvas, wind and tide,
And smoothly float along.

3 By pleasure's flow'ry bank they steer,
No troubles feel, nor do they fear,
But laugh, and sing and play ;
Till deep they plunge in endle's night,
Without one drop of sweet delight,
Or glimpse of op'ning day.

4 O ! sad exchange O wretched state !

Now they can feel (when 'tis too late)

What they have heard in vain ;

Despair and anguish dwell within,

The bitter, bitter fruits of sin,

And make them roar with pain !

5 Their groans emphatic, loud complain,

'Twas guilt that caus'd their guilt and shame ;

And freely they confess,

The bitter pill was candy'd o'er,

'Twas all indulgence just before,

But now 'tis all distress.

6 More they would own—but I forbear,

And quit those regions of despair :

And now would ask the saints,

" If guilt be harmless, tell me why

" Those trickling tears, that heaving sigh,

" And whence those sad complaints ? "

7 When sin, that viper, you carest,

Striking remorse and keen distress

Speedily makes you smart ;

'Tis that which hides the Saviour's face,

Incurs his frowns, suspends his grace,

And wounds you to the heart.

8 Then griefs like mighty torrents roll,

Till the poor agonizing soul

Lies bleeding on the rack ;

The round of duties trodden still,

But 'tis like laboring up a hill

With mountains on your back.

9 One guilty scene such anguish brings,

Clogs the poor soul, and clips its wings,

And drags it from the skies ;

1 'Till Jesus dress'd in love, appears,
Forgives the guilt, and wipes the tears
From the beclouded eyes.

10 O christians ! never hope to meet,
In pleasures sinful, tasting sweet,
But bid them all adieu ;
Stings from forbidden pleasures grow,
At least my soul hath found it so,
And owns th' assertion true.

11 Restraining grace dear Jesus grant,
Make me like nature's noblest plant ;
And may my fear be such,
That when temptations lie in wait,
I may disdain the gilded bait,
And shrinking shun the touch.

H Y M N 54. C. M.

An invitation to sin-sick souls to come to Jesus for relief.

COME sinners, now approach your God,
With new melod'ous songs ;
Behold the treasures of his blood
Have cleans'd a num'rous throng.

2 See Jesus stand with open arms,
Inviting you to come ;
Hear how his mercy sweetly charms,
And tells you there is room.

3 But hark ! methinks I hear you say,
“ I'm an unworthy soul—
“ I've sinn'd my day of grace away,
“ I hear his thunders roll.

4 “ My sins are of a crimson dye,
“ And I'm a captive led ;

- “ Can such a sinful soul as I,
 “ Be from this bondage free’d ?
5. “ Now I deserve the lowest hell,
 “ Who spurn’d his offer’d grace ;
“ And tempting others to rebel,
 “ Provok’d him to his face,
- 6 Stop, trembling soul, and hear me tell,
 The wonders of his love ;
He snatch’d me from the brink of hell,
 And rais’d my soul above.
- 7 Hark ! hear the blessed Jesus say,
 “ Poor soul you need not doubt ;
“ The soul that will come unto me,
 “ I’ll in no wise cast out.”
- 8 If ever any trembling soul,
 That unto Jesus come,
Had c’er been banish’d or cast off,
 I must have been the one.
- 9 But God has mercy yet in store,
 For all that will believe ;
You need not fear because you’re poor,
 That he will you deceive.
- 10 Come now and take him at his word,
 He will not angry be ;
Put your whole trust in Christ the Lord,
 And he will set you free.

H Y M N 55. L. M.

Buy the truth, and sell it not.

THE worth of truth no tongue can tell,
 ‘Twill do to buy but not to sell ;
A large estate that soul has got,
 Who buys the truth and sells it not...

2 Truth like a diamond, shines most fair,
More rich than pearls and rubies are ;
More worth than gold and silver coin ;
O ! may it always in us shine.

3 'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free,
And sets the soul at liberty,
From sin and satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign.

4 They have a freedom then indeed,
That doth all freedom else exceed :
Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
And never more shall bondage know.

5 O ! happy they who in their youth,
Are brought to know and love the truth ;
For none but they whom truth makes free,
E'er can enjoy true liberty.

6 Truth like a girdle let us wear,
And always keep it clean and fair ;
And never let it once be told,
The truth by us was ever sold.

H Y M N 56. C. M.

The happy Man.

HAPPY the man whose will is bow'd,
And spirit duly aw'd ;
Who is resign'd in heart and mind,
Unto the will of God.

2 Happy the man that humble is,
And doth not one disdain,
That ne'er envies, nor doth despise,
None of his fellow men.

3 Happy the man that wears Christ's yoke,
And has a lowly mind ;

Who is not easily provok'd,
Great peace he then shall find.

4 Happy the man that is not mov'd
With all the up's and down's
Of this vain world, but lives above
Its flatteries and frowns.

5 Happy the man that's wing'd with faith,
Whose heart is fir'd with love ;
Who ran and fled to take the prize,
That is laid up above.

H Y M N . 57. L. M.

The name of Christ, most sweet.

THAT name to me sounds ever sweet,
Where grace and truth doth always meet ;
Where right'ousness doth peace embrace,
And opens wide a store of grace.

2 A meeting place it is indeed,
Where mercy meets the sinner's need,
And opens wide a gracious store,
Sufficient to relieve the poor.

3 Hark ! don't you hear the heav'nly call ?
It soundeth loud, it is to all ;
To high and low, to bond and free,
That none may say, " 'tis not for me.

4 " Ho ! ev'ry one that thirsts (he cries)
" Here's wine and milk, in large supplies :
" Come now to me and drink your fill,
" 'Tis free for whosoever will.

5 " Come now receive, I ask no pay,
" But freely give it all away,
" To all that do my word believe,
" And freely now my grace receive."

H Y M N 58.

God blessed for all things.

BLESSED be God for all,
For all things here below :
For pain, and grief, and joy and thrall,
To my advantage grow.

2 Blessed be God for shame,
For slander and disgrace,
Welcome reproach for Jesus' name,
Like flint, Lord set my face.

3 Blessed be God for loss,
For loss of earthly things ;
For ev'ry scourge and ev'ry cross,
Me nearer Jesus brings.

4 Blessed be God for want,
For want of health and food :
I live by faith and scorn to faint,
For all things work for good.

5 Blessed be God for pain,
Which tears my flesh like thorns ;
It crucifies my carnal mind,
To God my soul returns.

6 Blessed be God for doubts,
Which he hath overcome ;
My soul in full assurance shouts
Of being soon at home.

7 Blessed be God for fears
 Of sin and death and hell ;
 When Christ who is my life appears,
 In glory I shall dwell.

8 Blessed be God for friends,
 Blessed be God for foes ;
 Blessed be God whose gracious ends
 No finite creature knows.

9 Blessed be God for life,
 Blessed be God for death,
 Blessed be God for joy and grief ;
 I welcome all thro' faith.

H Y M N , 59.

Christ the all-sufficient Saviour.

I AM that I am,
 Saith Christ the dear Lamb,
 What think ye, O sinners,
 Of this wond'rous name ?

2 If now you enquire
 With earnest desire
 And say O to know him
 Our hearts are on fire——

3 My master replies,
 I am will suffice
 Thy wants, O poor sinner,
 Who unto him flies.

4 I am to the blind
 The light of their mind ;
 And feet to the cripple,
 And strength they shall find.

5 If sin is thy grief
 I am thy relief ;

4 Saviour I am, to
Poor sinners the chief.

5 O sinners give ear,
What fulness is here?
O! who would not come to
A Saviour so dear.

7 He saw, from his throne,
Poor sinners undone;
And their lives to ransom,
He gave up his own.

8 He came from above
The cause to remove:
And yet shall we slight such
Unspeakable love?

9 If we like the Jews,
His kindness refuse,
Tis plain that destruction
We wilfully choose.

10 But O! ye oppress'd,
Whom sin hath distress'd
Come, come unto Jesus,
And you shall have rest.

11 Methinks one doth cry,
" Such sinner am I,
I dare not, I dare not,
To Jesus draw nigh."

12 Christ answers again,
" Thy doubting refrain;
Come, come unto me, and
I'll purge ev'ry stain,

13 " What'er is thy case,
Come now and embrace.

" My p' rchas'd salvation,
" And thou shalt have peace."

HYMN. 60.

The wandering Pilgrim.

WAND'ring Pilgrims, Mourning Christians,
Weak and tempted Lambs of Christ,
Who endure great tribulation,
And with sins are much distress'd ;
Christ has sent me to invite you
To a rich and costly feast ;
Let not shame nor pride prevent you,
Come the sweet provision taste.

2 If you have a heart lamenting,
And bemoan your wretched case ;
Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
He will give you gospel grace ;
If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and serve him all your days,
Only come to Christ and ask him,
He will guide your feet always.

3 If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love,
Lay hard by Bethesda waiting,
Till the troubled waters move ;
If no man appears to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk ;
Jesus, Jesus he will cleanse you,
Rise take up your bed and walk.

4 If like Peter you are sinking,
In the sea of unbelief ;
Wait with patience, always praying,
Christ will send you sweet relief ;

He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants shall be supply'd,
Canaan Canaan lies before you,
Rise and cross the swelling tide.

- 5 Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ shall guard you thro' the gloom,
Down he'll send a heav'nly comfort,
To convey you to his home ;
There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
Free from ev'ry want and care ;
Come, O come, my blessed Saviour,
Fain my spirit would be there.

H Y M N 61. C. M.

The slow Traveller.

O H ! happy souls how fast you go,
And leave me here behind ;
Don't stop for me, for now I see,
The Lord is just and kind.

2 Go on, go on, my soul says go,
And I'll come after you ;
Tho' I'm behind, yet I can find,
I'll sing hosanna too.

3 God give you strength that you may run,
And keep your foot-steps right ;
Tho' fast you go, and I so slow,
You are not out of sight.

4 When you get to those worlds above,
And all their glories see,
When you get home, your work is done,
Then look you out for me.

5 For I will come fast as I can,
The way I'll steer ;

Lord give me strength I shall at length,
Be one amongst you there.

6 There altogether we shall be,
Together we shall sing ;

Together we shall praise our God,
And everlasting king.

H Y M N 62. C. M..

An Invitation to Sinners.

COME to the glor'ous gospel feast,
Ho ev'ry one that will !

O come ye starving souls and taste
Those joys that none can tell.

2 Arise ye mortals that are sad
And bord'ring on despair,
Lo there is balm in Gilead,
And a physician there.

3 Look to the Saviour's bleeding side,
Behold the purple gore ;
It was for wc'nded souls he di'd,
The sin-sick to restore.

4 Behold him on the cursed tree,
With arms extended wide,
For sinners such as you and me,
The bleeding Saviour di'd.

5 'Tis finish'd said his dying breath,
And conquer'd death and hell,
That rebels doom'd to endless death,
Might in his bosom dwell.

6 Come then receive his grace and tell
The wonders of his love ;

Till we arise with him to dwell,
In the bright worlds above.

7 No sin nor foe shall there annoy,
Or wound our peaceful breast ;
But boundless love, unmixed joy,
And everlasting rest.

H Y M N 63. C. M.

Farewell to all but Christ.

FAREWELL vain world, I bid adieu,
Your glories I despise ;
Your friendship I no more pursue,
Your flatt'ries are but lies.

2 You promise happiness in vain,
Nor can you satisfy ;
Your highest pleasures turn to pain,
And all your treasure die.

3 Had I the Indies, East and West,
And riches of the sea ;
Without my God I could not rest,
For he is all to me.

4 Then let my soul rise far above,
By faith I'll take my wing,
To the eternal realms of love,
Where saints and angels sing.

5 There's love and joy that will not waste ;
There's treasures that endure ;
There's pleasure that will always last,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN 64. C. M.

A morning Song.

LORD, in the morning I will send
My cries to reach thine ear ;
Thou art my father and my friend,
My help forever near.

2 O lead me, keep me all this day,
Near thee in perfect peace ;
Help me to watch, to watch and pray ;
To pray and never cease.

3 I know my roving feet will err,
Unless thou be my guide ;
Warn me of ev'ry foe and snare,
And keep me near thy side.

4 Then shall I pass all danger safe,
And tread the tempter down ;
My trust, my hope, joy and relief,
Shall be in thee alone.

5 Then let my moments smoothly run,
And sing my hours away ;
Till evening shades and setting sun,
Conclude in endless day.

HYMN 65. C. M.

A crum for Pilgrims.

GO on ye pilgrims while below,
In the sure paths of peace.
Determin'd nothing else to know,
But Jesus and his grace.

2 Observe your leader, follow him ;
He thro' this world has been

Often revil'd, but like a lamb
Did ne'er revile again.

3 O take the pattern he has giv'n,
And love your enemies ;

And learn the only way to heav'n,
Thro' self denial lies.

4 Remember you must watch and pray,
While jour'ning on the road ;
Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God.

5 Contend for nothing but the fruit,
That feeds th' immortal mind ;
For fruitless leaves no more dispute,
But leave them to the wind.

6 Go on rejoicing night and day,
Your crown is yet before ;
Defy the trials of your way,
The storm will soon be o're.

H Y M N 66. C. M.

Longing for Christ.

1 COULD I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God ;
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And live upon thy word..

2 Lord I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor never take away.

3 O Jesus come and rule my heart,,
And I'll be wholly thine ;

And never, never more depart,
For thou art wholly mine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

5 Thro' boundless grace I then shall spend
An everlasting day,
In the embraces of my friend,
Who took my guilt away.

6 That worthy name shall have the praise,
To whom all praise is due ;
While angels and archangels gaze,
On scenes forever new.

H Y M N 67. C. M.

The backslider returning.

O WHAT a cruel wretch am I,
To leave my Jesus so ! .
And now without his smiles I lie,
And know not where to go.

2 Once I enjoyed his smiling face ;
But did not think so soon,
I should go mourning in distress,
And all my comforts gone.

3 Not all the glories of this earth,
Can do me any good :
My soul abhors all carnal mirth,
And groans to find my God.

Would I see his face again,
'I him all my woe,

Confess how guilty I have been
To leave my Jesus so.

5 Then I will clasp him in my arms,
And he shall have my heart ;
And earth, with all her treach'rous charms,
Forever shall depart.

H Y M N 68.

The Complainier Reformed.

I SET myself against the Lord,
Despis'd his spirit and his word,
And wish'd to take his place ;
It vex'd me sore that I must die,
And perish too eternally,
Or else be sav'd by grace.

2 Of every preacher I'd complain,
One spoke thro' pride, and one for gain,
Another's learning small ;
This spoke too fast and that too slow,
One pray'd too loud, and one too low,
The others had no call.

3 With no professors could I join,
Some dress'd too mean, and some too fine,
And some did talk too long ;
Some had a tone, some had no gift,
Some talk'd so weak and some so swift,
That all of them were wrong.

4 I thot' they'd better keep at home,
Than to exhort where'er they come,
And tell us of their joys ;
They'd better keep their gardens free
From weeds, than to examine me,
And vex me with their noise.

5 Kindred and neighbors all were bad;
And no true friends for to be had—

My rulers too were vile :
At length I was brought for to see.
The fault did mostly lie in me,
And had done all the while.

6 The horrid loads of guilt and shame,
(Being conscious too I was to blame,) Did wound my frightened soul,

I've sinn'd so much against my God,
I'm crush'd so low beneath his rod,
How can I be made whole.

7 But there is balm in Gilead,
And a physician to be had,
A balsam too most free ;
Only believe on God's dear Son,
Thro' him the victory is won,
Christ Jesus di'd for me.

8 For Christ's free love's a boundless sea
What ! to expire for such as me ?

Yes 'tis a truth divine ;
My heart did melt, my soul oe'r run
With love, to see what God had done,
For souls as mean as mine.

9 Now I can hear a child proclaim
The joyful news, and praise the name
Of Jesus Christ my king ;
I know no sect, christians are one,
With my complaints I now have done,
And God's free grace I sing.

10 Glory to him who gave his son,
To die for crimes which we had done,
And made salvation mine ;

For as we'd sold ourselves for nought,
So without money we are bought,
A blessed truth divine.

11 Come saints, rejoice in Christ your king,
His solemn praises sweetly sing,
And tell the world his love ;
Sinners invite for to receive
Of God's free grace and not to grieve
The holy sacred dove.

12 All those who do an interest gain,
In the bless'd Lamb that once was slain,
Will surely happy be ;
Their loud hosannas they shall raise,
A monument of God's high praise,
To all eternity.

H Y M N 69. L. M.

On Israel's fall.

DOES it not grief and wonder move,
To think of Israel's dreadful fall,
Who needed miracles to prove,
Whether the Lord was God or Baal ?

2 Methinks I see Elijah stand,
His features glow with love and zeal,
In faith and prayer he lifts his hand,
And makes to heaven his great appeal.

3 Oh God, if I thy servant am,
It 'tis thy message fills my heart,
Now glorify thy holy name,
And shew this people who thou art.

4 He spake and lo ! a sudden flame,
Consum'd the wood, the dust, the stone,

The people struck at once proclaim,

"The Lord is God, the Lord alone."

5 Like him we mourn an awful day,
When more for Baal than for God appears,
Like him, believers, let us pray,
And may the God of Israel hear.

6 Lord if thy servant speaks the truth,
If he indeed is sent by thee,
Confirm thy word to all our youth,
And let them thy salvation see.

7 Now may the spirit's holy fire,
Pierce ev'ry heart that hears thy word,
Consume each hurtful vain desire,
And make them know thou art the Lord.

H Y M N 70. C. M.

The coronation of Christ.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
Who from the altar call,
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all

4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Babes, men and sirs, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now joy with all the host above,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

7 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

H Y M N 71.

The Christian's warrant.

1 THO' troubles assail and dangers affright,
Tho' friends all should fail and foes all
unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or store-house are fed,
them let us learn to trust in our head ;
Gints, what is fitting shall ne'er be deny'd
as it's written the Lord will provide,
all, may like ships, by tempest be toss'd
in troublous deeps, but shall not be lost ;
when enrag'd the wind and the tide,
Tipture engages, the Lord will provide.
call we'll obey, like Abra'm of old,
Now not the way, but faith makes us bold ;
so we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
trust in all dangers, the Lord will provider.

5 When satan appears to stop up the path,
 And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by faith,
 He cannot take from us (tho' oft he has try'd)
 This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
 The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain ;
 But when such suggestions, our graces have try'd
 This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
 Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' own name ;
 In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
 The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
 The word of his grace shall comfort us through,
 Nor fearing, nor doubting with Christ on our side
 We hope to die shouting the Lord will provide.

H Y M N 72.

The attraction of the Cross--John xii. 32

YONDER—amazing sight ! I see
 Th' incarnate son of God,
 Expiring on th' accursed tree.
 And welt'ring in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run
 Down from his hands and head !
 The crimson tide puts out the sun—
 His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darkn'd sky,
 Proclaim the truth aloud,
 And with th' amaz'd Centur'on cry,
 " This is the son of God."

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice,
May well my hope revive;
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O that these cords of love divine,
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine;
Thine it shall ever be...

H Y M N 73.

Precious Promises—2 Peter, iii. 4.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word?
What more can he say than to you he hath said
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength e'er
be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd
I, I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to
stand,

Upheld by my right'ous, omnipotent hand.

4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee o'erflow,
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to blesse:
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When thro' fi'ry trials thy path-way shall lie,
By grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;

The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

6 Even down to old age, all my people shall
prove

My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love,
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be born.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake
I'll never—no never—no never forsake.

H Y M N 74. C. M.

Pleading with God under affliction.

WHY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within ;
Since ev'ry sigh and ev'ry pain,
Is but the fruit of sin..

2 No Lord, I'll patiently submit,
Nor never dare rebel ;
Yet sure I may here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.

3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul ;
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.

4 From fear to hope and hope to fear,
My shipwreck'd soul is lost,
Till I am tempted in despair,
To give up all for lost.

5 Yet thro' the stormy clouds I'll look,
Once more to thee, my God ;

O fix my soul upon a rock,
Beyond the raging flood.

6 One look of mercy from thy face,
Would set my heart at ease ;
One all-creating word of grace,
Will make the tempest cease.

H Y M N 75.

The Gospel Trumpet.

H ARK, how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Thro' all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus Christ's redeeming blood
Is bringing sinners home to God,
And guides them safely by his word
to endless day.

2 Hail all victo'rous conqu'ring Lord,
By all the heav'nly hosts ador'd,
Who undertook for fallen man,
And brot' salvation thro' thy name,
That we with thee might live and reign
in endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring saints, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear
in endless day.

4 Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt;
To save our souls from sin and guilt ;
And sinners now may come to God,
And find salvation through his word,
And sail by faith upon that flood
to endless day.

5 Thro' storms and calms by faith we steer,
By feeble hopes and gloomy fears,
Till we arrive at Canaan's shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more,
We shout our trials there all o'er
to endless day.

6 Then we shall in sweet chorus join :
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above
in endless day.

H Y M N 76. C. M.

A word of comfort to the Lambs of Christ.

BLESS'D be my God that I was born
To hear the joyful sound ;
That I was born to be baptiz'd,
Where gospel truths abound.

2 Bless'd be my God for what I see, .
My God for what I hear ;
I hear such blessed news from heav'n, .
Not earth nor hell I fear.

3 I bear my Lord for me was born, ,
My Lord for me did die .
My Lord for me did rise again,
And did ascend on high.

4 On high he stands to plead my cause, .
And will return again,
And set me on a glorious throne
That I may with him reign.

5 Glory to God the Father be,
Glory to God the Son,
Glory to God the holy Ghost,
Glory to God alone.

H Y M N 77.

Soul thirsting for Heaven.

STILL out of the deepest abyss
Of trouble I mournfully cry ;
And pine to recover my peace,
And see my redeemer and die.

I cannot, I cannot forbear
These passionate longings for home ;
O ! when shall my spirit be there ;
O ! when will the messenger come .

2 Thy nature I long to put on,
Thine image on earth to regain ;
And then in the grave to lay down,
This burden of body and pain.
O ! Jesus in pity draw near,
And lull me to sleep on thy breast,
Appear to my rescue, appear,
And gather me into thy rest.

3 To take a poor fugitive in
The suns of thy mercy display,
A me to rest from all sin,
Or me triumphant away ;
In the world of distress,
The mansions above ;
Of seeing thy face—
Of feeling thy love.

H Y M N 78. L. M.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise ;
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus ? sooner far.
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He shed the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus ? just as soon,
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
'Tis midnight with my soul 'till he
Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus that dear friend,
On whom my hopes for heaven depend ?
No, when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more adore his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus ? yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away ;
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear of hell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
And now may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

7 His institutions will I prize,
Tack up the crots the shame despise—
Dare to defend his noble cause
And yield obediance to his laws.

H Y M N 79.

'Baptism, believers only have a right to it.

WHEN John tho' a man, baptizing began,
Believers in Jordan confessing their sins.

2 The Phari'ees came in Abraham's name,
For to be baptized and laid in their claim.

3 You vipers said he, who warn'd you to flee ;
Bring forth your repentance that fruits we may see

4 And think not indeed that you are Abra'am's
seed,
And so for baptism a right for to plead.

5 By this we may see, baptism to be.
For none but believers a privilege free.

6 Christ Jesus by name, from Gallilee came,
For to be baptized and was not ash'm'd.

7 John to him did say, why com'st thou to me,
For I have need to be baptized of thee.

8 O suffer it so, for't becomes us to show,
All right'ous obed'ence wherever we go.

9 The rite was perform'd and Jesus return'd
The bles'sing of th' father came down on the son.

10 The spirit of God descends like a dove
And lights on our Saviour in tokens of love.

11 By this we may see, the whole Trinity,
Unto our baptism doth jointly agree.

12 We'll not be ash'm'd of Jesus's name,
He's precious unto us tho' sinners blasphem.

13 We'll follow the Lord in his holy word,
Obed'ence unto him great comforts afford.

14 We'll follow him down to the waters we're
bound ;

O sinners see what an example we've found.

15 Farewell to my friends, farewell to my foes,
Farewell to this vain world wherein sorrow
grows.

H Y M N 80. C. M.

Godly sorrow, arising from the sufferings of Christ,

A LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?

A And did my sovereign die

Would he devote that sacred head

For such a worm as I ?

2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glor'ous suff'r'r stood.]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree ?

Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in ;
When God the mighty maker di'd
For man the creature's sin,

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay,
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 81.

The Youth's Resolution.

WHILE I am bless'd with youthful bloom,
I will adore the sacred Lamb,
Who bled and di'd for me ;
If God inspires my heart with grace,
And lets me see his shining face,
A pilgrim I will be.

2 I'll leave this world with all its toys,
And seek those far superior joys,
That doth in Jesus dwell ;
If Jesus be my God and king,
Immortal triumph I will sing,
O'er all the powers of hell.

3 A frowning world I will defy,
And all those flatt'ring charms deny,
If Jesus stands my friend ;
Not long I have this storm to stand,
Of this ensnaring barren land ;
My conflict soon will end.

4 Jesus my friend my cause will plead,
Conduct my steps, supply my needs,
And never let me fall ;
Jesus will all my foes destroy—
Will be my life, my strength, my joy ;
Jesus is all in all.

5 With joy I'll spend my fleeting days,
To sound abroad his heav'nly praise,
And tell the world his love ;
And when I quit this mortal stage,
Shall in sacred strains engage,
Among the saints above.

6 Where I shall with my Jesus dwell,
 In joys beyond what tongue can tell,
 On that immortal shore :
 Jesus my love shall be my joy,
 His praises be my sweet employ,
 And part from him no more.

H Y M N 82.

UNITY.

LET strife forever cease,
 And envy quit the field,
 Come join and live in love and peace,
 And to the gospel yield.

2 Let bitter words no more
 Among the saints remain :
 Let ev'ry member ev'ry hour,
 Submit to Jesus' reign.

3 One Lord we have to fear,
 One faith we all confess ;
 To th' same baptism adhere,
 And magnify free grace.

4 Then why should we contend,
 For meat and drink and dress,
 And crucify the Lord again,
 And pierce his wounds afresh.

5 When bitter words arise,
 Then satan has his ends ; — — —
 We wound the heart and hands of Christ,
 Amidst his chosen friends.

6 No more we'll feel the flame,
 Nor judge ourselves too wise ;
 But search with care to find the beam,
 That lurks within our eyes.

7 Unto the world we prove,
That we disciples are ;
They shall behold us walk in love,
And say the Lord is there.

8 Then we will live like those,
Who now agree in love ;
And when by death our eyes shall close,
We'll join with them above.

H Y M N 83. C. M.

The sinner's Self-Reflection.

A H Lord ! ah Lord ! what have I done ?
What will become of me ?
What shall I say what shall I do ?
Or whither shall I flee ?

2 By wand'ring I have lost myself,
And here I make my moan ;
O whither, whither have I stray'd ?
Ah ! Lord what have I done ?

3 Thy candle searches all my rooms
And now I plainly see,
The num'rous sins of earth and hell
Are summed up in me.

4 The seeds of all the ills that grow,
Are in my garden sown,
And multitudes of them have sprung ;
Ah ! Lord what have I done ?

5 I have been satan's willing slave,
And his most easy prey :
He was not readier to command
Than I was to obey.

6 Or, if at times he left my soul,
Yet still his works went on :
I was a tempter to myself ;
Ah ! Lord what have I done ?

7 I pufft at all the threats of heaven,
And slighted all his charms ;
Nor satan's fetters would I leave,
For Christ's inviting arms.

8 I had a soul but priz'd it not ;
And now my soul is gone,
My forced cries do pierce the skies :
Ah, Lord ! what have I done ?

H Y M N 84. C. M.

The Pilgrim's mutual Conference.

HAIL ! happy pilgrims, whence came ye,
And whither are you bound ?
Who from the land of Egypt flee,
'Tis Cana'n we have found,

2 How came ye first to walk this way ?
Were you alarm'd with fear ;
A school-master appear'd one day,
With countenance severe :

3 His presence struck our hearts with awe ;
His eyes appear'd like flame :
I am said he the holy law ;
And from mount Sinai came.

4 Then lo, our sentence he declar'd
Was everlasting death ;
For, till his precents were prepar'd,
We were expos'd to wrath,

5 At last a messenger of peace,
Evangelist by name,
Appear'd and gave us sweet release,
From that devouring flame.

6 He pointed out the Lamb of God,
In that distressing day,
And said, behold his precious blood,
That takes your guilt away

7 Thus were we from our bondage freed
And set at liberty : . .

Come then dear brethren, well agreed.
For thus redeem'd were we.

8 Come let us then together walk,
Together let us sing : . .
Be this the subject of our talk,
To praise the Lamb our king.

H Y M N 85. C. M.

The sinner's shame and confusion.

SO foolish so absurd am I
That nothing can be more ; . .
Was ever such a monster seen
Upon the earth before ?

2 I dare not look upon the earth,
The witness of my sin ; . .
My conscience is a dooms-day book,
I dare not look within.

3 Upward I durst not cast my eyes,
For there my judge doth sit : . .
Nor downward whence the smoke doth rise
From the infernal pit.

4 How shall I answer at the bar
Of him who is most pure ?

I cannot answer for myself,
Myself I can't endure.

5 And as myself I can't endure,
Myself I cannot fly ;

Thus fools do sell themselves for slaves,
And what a slave am I ?

6 My heart the seat of folly is,
My life a life of sin ;

Surely I am more brutish far,
Than ever brute hath been.

7 Is this my wit ? Is this my way
To make a glorious name ?

And these the thanks I've paid to heav'n ?
Ah ! what a beast I am !

8 The crown is fallen from my head,
My royal robes are gone ;

Confusion is my only cloak,
And I must put it on.

9 And whilst I blush, and whilst I bleed,
Here will I sit alone ;

And here I'll lead the leaper's life,
And make my doleful moan.

10 I am not worthy of the earth.
Nor worthy of the air ;

Nor worthy of the wat'ry drop,
But of the damned's fare,

11 O ! how it kills my heart to think
Upon my foolish ways ;

Yet this I'll bear and bless the Lord,
Because damnation stays.

H Y M N 86. L. M.

Invitation to sinners.

COME sinners to the gospel feast,
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 "Have me excus'd" why will you say ;
From health, and life, and liberty ;
From all that is in Jesus given,
From pardon, holiness and heav'n.

3 Come then ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye weary wand'lers after rest ;
Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 See him set forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding sacrifice ;
His offer'd love let all embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

5 Ye who believe his record true,
Shall sup with him and he with you ;
Come to the feast be sav'd from sin,
For Jesus waits to take you in.

6 This is the time, no more delay,
This is the glorious gospel day ;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live to him who dy'd for all.

H Y M N 87. C. M.

Joy in the Holy Ghost.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice

**In God my Saviour and my God,
I hear his joyful voice.**

**2 I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home ;**

**My sighs are turned into songs,
The comforter is come.**

**3 Down from above the blessed dove
Is come into my breast,**

**To witness God's eternal love ;
This is my heav'nly feast.**

**4 This makes me abba father cry,
With confidence of soul :**

**It makes me cry my Lord, my God,
And that without controul.**

**5 There is a stream which issues forth
From God's eternal throne,**

**And from the Lamb, a living stream,
Clear as the chrystal stone.**

**6 The streams do water paradise,
It makes the angels sing :**

**One cordial drop revives my heart,
Hence all my joys do spring,**

**7 Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too ;**

**Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.**

**8 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,**

**What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd.**

**9 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest joy,**

My soul doth leap : But O for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove !

10 Then should I flee far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin ;
Then should the Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.

11 Then should my soul with angels feast
On joys that always last ;
Bless'd be my God, the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taste.

H Y M N 88. C. M.

Christians rejoicing in the hope and glory of God.

1 O ! we are journ'ing home to God,
Bid by the spirit come ;
And in the way his children trod,
We seek our father's home.

2 We walk a narrow path and rough,
And we are tir'd and weak :
Yet soon shall we have rest enough,
In those bleff'd courts we seek.

3 Nigh to the country we appear,
Stor'd with eternal bliss ;
We know we quickly shall be there,
In sight our city is.

4 Upon mount Zion's distant top,
A Lamb our eyes behold ;
'Tis Jesus, look ye children up,
He calls us to his fold.

5 We see him with his raiment red,
As tho' besmeard with blood ;

As newly slain he stands : he bled,
Us to redeem to God.

- 6 About him clad with snowy vests,
Appear a countless throng ;
These are his saints, his kings, his priests,
Who sing the eternal song.
- 7 How blest, how more than happy these,
Who thus their Lord attend ;
We, brethren, in their hosts shall praise,
We soon shall there ascend.

H Y M N 89. C. M.

A brief description of the Children of God in DIALOGUE.

WHAT poor despised company
Of travellers are these,
That walk in yonder narrow way
Along that rugged maze ?

2 Ah these are of a royal line,
All children of a king ;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo ! for joy they sing.

3 Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despis'd ?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not appriz'd.

4 But some of them seem poor distress'd,
And lacking daily bread ;
Ah ! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.

5 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze ?

Why that's the way their leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.

6 Why must they shun the pleasant path,
That worldlings love so well ?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.

7 What, is there then no other road,
To Salem's happy ground ?
Christ is the only way to God,
None other can be found.

H Y M N 90.

Here I will dwell.

A H me I'm never well but when
I on my best beloved lean,
And then I'm never ill ;
Crosses and trials all are slight,
And pain is sweet and troubles light,
Come whatsoever will.

2 Here I could wish my greatest foe,
Might rest like me, and happy know
The riches of the Lamb ;
The streets would then be full of praise,
Of Jesus' blood, his gracious ways,
His mercy and his name.

3 If Jesus will permit me, I
Will leaning on him live and die,
And great the blessing count :
My life, dear Lord, I'd live to thee,
My death should also glorious be,
Like Moses in the mount.

4 By sweet experience I'd proclaim
 To the followers of the Lamb,
 Hear me my friends I say,
 For I am happy, I am well,
 Belov'd of God unchangeable !
 And with him night and day.

H Y M N. 91.

Delight of Praise for the Holy Scriptures.

I BLESS the Lord,
 Who gives his word,
 To rule and guide me right ;
 To hear him say,
 Love and obey
 Affords supreme delight.

2 A holy joy,
 Without alloy,
 With sacred transport flows,
 From truth divine,
 I feel it mine,
 To give my soul repose.

3 With sacred love,
 My passions move,
 I burn with strong desires ;
 With holy aim,
 And inward flame,
 I feel my soul on fire.

4 By grace refin'd,
 My soul inclin'd,
 Shall consecrate my days
 As due to none
 But God alone,
 And give him all the praise,

HYMN 92. C. M.

Longing after Christ.

COMPANIONS of thy little flock,
Dear Lord we fain would be ;
Our helpless hearts to thee lock up,
To thee our shepherd flee.

2 O might I lean upon that breast
Which love and pity fill,
And now become those Lambs caret,
That in thy bosom dwell.

3 How sweet that voice, how sweet that hand,
Which leads to pastures fair,
Shews Cana'n's milk and honey land,
Lot of thy flock so dear.

4 Rich grace, free grace, most sweetly calls
Directly come who will,
Just as you are ; for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still.

5 'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls ;
Grace keeps us only pure ;
And O ! that nothing else but grace
May rule forevermore.

6 As one in heart let's all rejoice
The sinners friend to praise ;
The shepherd di'd ; Oh ! 'Tis his voice ;
He'll us to glory raise.

HYMN 93. C. M.

Meat and Drink indeed.

TO day Imman'el feeds his sheep,
The purchase of his blood ;

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- To day Jehovah keeps a feast,
For all the sons of God.
- 2 The bread of God is freely giv'n,
The food of saints above ;
That living bread sent down from heaven,
The fruit of pard'ning love.
- 3 Lo ! Christ our Shepherd, gave his life
To answer all our need ;
His body crucify'd is meat,
His blood is drink indeed.
- 4 Ye hungry thirsty souls draw near,
And living bread receive ;
Taste the provision of your God,
And freely eat and live.

H Y M N 94. L. M.

ANOTHER.

- A**RISE, my soul, with wonder see
What love divine for thee hath done ;
Behold thy sorrow sin and grief,
Are laid on God's eternal son.
- 2 See ! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and grief flow mingling down :
Did e'er such love, such sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so bright a crown ?
- 3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 95. L. M.

The remembrance of Christ in the supper.

CHRIST, in that night he was betray'd,
Took bread gave thanks, it break and said,
My broken body here you see ;
Take, eat it, and remember me.

2 Thus also he the cup did take ;
Here's sealing blood shed for your sake,
Which doth my test'ment ratify ;
Let all drink and remember me.

3 Your pardon with what's for your good,
Is purchas'd with my dearest blood :
My blood to you makes pardon free ;
In drinking then remember me.

4 For hungry souls here's manna rare,
God sends from heaven for your fare ;
This manna falls now plenteously :
In eating then remember me.

5 Here God sits on a throne of grace,
Where sinful men may see his face ;
My blood procures your access free :
In drinking then remember me.

6 See here the tree of life with fruit,
And leaves which heal, and strength recruit ;
These I shake down, poor soul to thee ;
Eat freely and remember me.

7 See Jacob's ladder here set up,
A covenanting God at top :
Climb, and God will transact with thee ;
In doing this remember me.

8 Hence runs of life the river pure,
Which our soul's wounds doth cleanse and cure,
It freely runs to all you see ;
Drink by faith and remember me.

H Y M N 96. C. M.

Marriage Hymn.

LORD, from thy throne of flowing grace,
Thy choicest blessings give ;
And on thy servants cause thy face
To shine, and they shall live.

2 Enrich them with thy heav'nly grace,
Unite their hearts in love ;
May they, in all thy holy ways
To thee themselves approve.

3 Let harmony and holy love,
And friendiship ever run,
Thro' all their thoughts and life to prove,
Of twain they now are one.

4 Allure them, Jesus ! with thy charms.
And joyfully they'll flee,
By faith and love into thine arms,
And thus be one in thee,

5 Adorn their house, adorn their ways,
With fruit divinely fair ;
So in this world they'll shew thy praise,
In th' next thy glory share.

H Y M N 97.

The Beggar's prayer.

ENCOURAG'D by thy word.
Of promise to the poor,

Behold a beggar, Lord,
 Waits at thy mercy door :
 No hand, no heart, dear Lord, but thine,
 Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea,
 Relief from men to gain,
 If offer'd unto thee,
 I know thou would disdain :
 But those which move thy gracious ear,
 Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 I have no right to say
 That tho' I now am poor,
 Yet once there was a day
 When I possessed more :
 Thou knowest from my very birth
 I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor dare I to profess
 As beggars often do,
 Tho' great is my distress,
 My faults have been but few :
 If thou should leave my soul to starve
 It would be what I should deserve.

5 Nor dare I to pretend
 I never begg'd before,
 And if thou now befriend
 I'll trouble thee no more :
 Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
 And often I must come again.

6 Tho' crumbs are much too good
 For such a wretch as I,
 No less than children's food

My soul can satisfy :
 O do not frown and bid me go ;
 I must have all thou canst bestow.

7 Nor can I willing be
 Thy bounties to conceal
 From others, who like me

Their wants and hunger feel,
 I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
 And try to fend a thousand more.

8 Thy ways, thou only wise,
 Our thoughts and ways transcend,
 Far as the arched skies

Above this earth extend :
 Such pleas as mine men would not bear,
 But God receives a beggar's prayer.

H Y M N 98. L. M.

For the new Year.

1 HAIL the new year that's now begun,
 Now let us all to God return :
 From sinful ways may we all cease,
 And with each other live in peace.

2 While thousands have been call'd away,
 Yet still we live to see this day ;
 With thanks to God then all draw near
 To celebrate the happy year.

3 While many are sick and confin'd,
 Others depriv'd of sense and mind,
 We yet retain them bright and clear,
 To celebrate the happy year.

4 Then let us all to God repair,
 And offer him our praise and prayer.

Now unto him may we draw near
To celebrate the happy year.

5 And now forsake all vice and sin,
And the new year with God begin :
Then with great joy we shall appear
To celebrate the happy year.

6 Then truly happy such will be,
Who from all sin do always flee,
And unto Christ will now give ear,
Such we do wish a happy year.

7 All those who see their undone state.
Leaving their all for Jesus' sake,
To such we can, with joy sincere,
Wish them a happy, happy year.

8 All those who now are born again,
And in Christ Jesus do remain,
All such as those we need not fear,
They will enjoy a happy year.

9 But true religion still we find,
Gives the most peace unto the mind ;
Possessors of it will appear,
To wish us all a happy year.

H Y M N 99. L. M.

On the great duty of prayer.

WHAT var'ous hindrances we met
In coming to the mercy seat ;
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there.

2. Pray'r makes the darkest clouds withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;

Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r we cease to fight,
Pray'r makes the christian's armour bright :
And satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Isr'el's side :
But when thro' weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amaleck prevail'd.

5 have you no words ? ah think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creatures ears
With the sad tale of all your cares.

6 Where half our breath, thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would often be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me.

H Y M N 100. L. M.

The work of a Minister.

B EFORE thy throne eternal King,
Thy ministers their tribute bring ;
Their tribute of united praise,
For heav'ly news and peaceful days.

2 We sing the conquest of thy sword,
And publish loud thy healing word :
While angels sound thy glorious name,
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.

3 Thy various service we esteem,
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme,

And while we feel thy heav'nly love,
We burn like seraphims above.

4 Nor seraphs there can ever raise,
With us an equal song of praise :
They are the noblest work of God,
But we the purchase of his blood.

5 Still in thy work we would abound,
Still prune the vine or plow the ground ;
Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,
And watch them with unwear'd heed.

6 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our care below, our crown above ;
Thy praise shall be our blest employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

H Y M N 101.

Christ's Crucifixion.

JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone,
Tears the graves and mountains up,
By his expiring groan :
Lo ! the pow'rs of heaven he shakes,
Nature in convulsion lies,
Earth's profoundest centre quakes,
The great Jehovah dies.

2 Dies the glorious cause of all,
The true eternal plan
Falls, to raise us from our fall,
To ransom sinful men ;
Well may sol withdraw his light,
With the suff'rer sympathize,
Leave the world in sudden night,
While his creator dies,

- 3** O my God he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart !
Seeing him hanging on the tree,
A sight that breaks my heart !
O that all to thee might turn ;
Sinners ye may love him too,
Look on him ye pierc'd and mourn
For one who bled for you.
- 4** Weep o'er your desire and hope
With tears of humblest love :
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthron'd above ;
Lives our head to die no more,
Pow'r is all to Jesus given,
Worship'd as he was before,
Th' immortal king of heav'n.

H Y M N 102.

Christ's *Affension.*

- H**AIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes ;
Christ a while to mortals giv'n
Re-ascends his native heaven,
There the pompous triumph waits ;
“ Lift up your heads, eternal gates !
“ Wide unfold the radiant scene,
“ Take the King of glory in !”
- 2** Him tho' highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
Tho' returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own ;
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads ;

Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Master (may we ever say)
Taken from our head to day,
See thy faithful servant, see,
Ever gazing up to thee !
Grant, tho' parted from our sight ;
High above yon azure height,—
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing gasping after home ;
There we shall with thee remain
Partners of thine endless reign,
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heav'ns in thee.

H Y M N . 103.

For a Person under temptation.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none :
Hangs my helpless soul on thee—
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me ;

All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All mine help from thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind ;
 Just and holy is thy name :
 I am all unrighteous !
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee I found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

H Y M N 104.

Christians complaint, and prayer for the Impenitent.

A H ! woe is me, constrain'd to dwell
 Among the sons of night ;
 Poor sinners dropping into hell,
 Who hath the gospel light ;
 Wild as the untam'd Arab's race,
 Who from their Saviour fly ;
 And trample on his pard'ning grace,
 And all his threats defy.

2 Yet here alas ! in pain I live,
 Where satan keeps his seat,

And day by day for those I grieve,
Who will to sin submit :
With gushing eyes their deeds I see,
Their punishment is nigh,
I ask with him who ransom'd me,
Why will you sin and die.

3 Jesus, Redeemer of mankind,
Display thy saving pow'r ;
Thy mercy let those outcasts find,
To know thy gracious hour,
Ah ! give them Lord a longer space ;
Nor suddenly consume,
But let them take the proffer'd grace,
And flee the wrath to come.

4 Open their ears and eyes to see
Thy cross, to hear the cries,
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,
For thee he weeps and dies,
All the day long he meekly stands,
His rebels to receive ;
And shews his wounds, and spreads his hands,
And bids you turn and live.

H Y M N 105.

The Year of Jubilee.

BLOW ye the trumpet blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come :
Return ye ransom'd sinners home !

- 2 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heav'nly grace ;
 Ye happy souls draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face ;
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return to your eternal home !
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim ;
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return ye ransom'd sinners home.

HYMN 106. C. M.

Praise for the hope of Glory.

I SOJOURN in a vale of tears,
 Alas ! how can I sing ?
 My harp doth on the willows hang,
 Distun'd in every string.

2 My music is a captive's chains,
 Harsh sounds my ears do fill
 How shall I sing sweet Zion's song ?
 On this side Zion's hill.

3 Yet lo I hear the joyful sound,
 Surely I'll quickly come !
 Each word much sweetness doth distil,
 Like a full honey-comb.

4 And dost thou come my dearest Lord ?
 And dost thou surely come ?
 And dost thou surely quickly come ?
 Methinks I am at home.

- 5 Come then my dearest, dearest Lord,
My sweetest, surest Friend ;
Come for I loathe these kedar tents !
The fiery chariots send,
- 6 What have I in this barren land !
My Jefus is not here ;
Mine eyes will ne'er be bleſſ'd until
My Jesus doth appear.
- 7 My Jesus is gone up to heav'n
To get a place for me ;
For 'tis his will, that where he is
There should his servants be.
- 8 Cana'n I view from Piſgah's top,
Of Cana'n's grapes I taste ;
My Lord who sends unto me here,
Will send for me at last,
- 9 I have a God that changeth not,
Why should I be perplext ?
My God that owns me in this world
Will own me in the next.
- 10 My dearest friends they dwell above,
Them will I go to see ;
And all my friends in Christ below
Will soon come after me.

H Y M N 107. S. M.

- JESUS I fly to thee
For mercy, pardon, grace :
Through thee alone poor sinners may
Approach the Father's face.
- 2 Let thy atoning blood,
Encourage me to ſpeak ;

That all my wants, O Lamb of God !
I may to thee relate.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self renouncing will ;
That trample down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill.

4 I want a Godly fear,
A quick discerning eye ;
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.

5 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease ;
Never to murmur or repine,
Nor wish my suff'riings less.

6 This I long above all,
Always to pray I want ;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

7 I want a true regard,
A single steady aim ;
Not mov'd by threat'nings or reward,
To own thee and thy name.

8 I want with all my heart,
Thy pleasure to fulfil
To know myself and what thou art,
And what's thy perfect will.

9 I want, I know not what,
I want my wants to see ;
I want alas ! what want I not,
When Christ is not in me.

H Y M N 108. S. M.

SEE what a wretched state
Sin hath reduc'd us to ;
See how it's brought a dismal fate
Of death on things below.

2 See nature all on wing,
Taking her rapid flight,
With 'mazing swiftness, which doth bring
Her quick to death's dark night.

3 Where part must rest a while,
Which is the house of clay,
To sleep secure from pain and toil,
Till resurrection day.

4 The soul still wafts along,
Without a moment's stay,
Is call'd to join a diff'rent throng,
And leave this house of clay.

5 Up to Christ's judgment feat,
Where souls at last must come ;
And there their diff'rent sentence meet,
And hear their final doom.

6 And now , O soul ! take care,
To steer thy course aright,
And shun sin's ways that's full of snares,
And leads to endless night.

7 But run the way by Christ,
Which leads to endless day :
Christ's words observe, which is your light,
And you can't miss the way.

8 And shortly you shall rise,
 To reach the heav'nly hill,
 Where Christ you'll see with glad'ned eyes,
 With glory shall be fill'd.

H Y M N . 109.

CHEER up my brethren, and rejoice,
 Methinks I hear our Saviour's voice,
 I come, I come, my saints, he cries,
 For to destroy your enemies,
 And shew my power and grace in thee,
 And with my truth will make you free,
 And you shall triumph in my name,
 And ever with me shall remain.

2 Don't mind reproach, or infamy,
 Nor persecution, which doth try
 Your feeble souls, but look above,
 And beg of God his grace and love,
 For we shall shortly reach the shore,
 Where persecutions are no more,
 And in Christ's kingdom shall enjoy,
 God's perfect peace, with sweet employ

3 Then, O my brethren let us run
 The heav'nly race we have begun,
 Live in obed'ence to the Lord,
 And we shall share the sure reward,
 Of peace, and joy in Christ, the way,
 That leadeth to eternal day ;
 Where we through hope shall reach to sing,
 Our vict'ry gain'd thro' Christ our king.

4 There we shall see as we are seen,
 And ever live, with Christ to reign,
 And know of God as we are known,
 No more to grieve, or sigh, or mourn,

But with transporting joys shall view,
 Amazing scenes that's ever new,
 And walk them golden streets above,
 That's pav'd with joy, and peace, and love.

5 And Christ, the Lamb, shal' be the light,
 To illun inate that city bright,
 And make it shine transparent clear,
 And fill the citizens with cheer ;
 Where fruits in plenty, every kind,
 And wine on lees that's well refin'd,
 Where music sweet doth echo round,
 And all the choir with love is crown'd.

H Y M N r. C. M.

*The need of Christ : and divine help the greatness
of God.*

JESUS, thy gospel I embrace,
 O come and dwell in me,
 Sweet is thy voice and work of grace,
 Accept my faith in thee.

2 Prepare my soul to run its race
 Here in this world below ;
 And ever give me of thy grace,
 Lord help to will and do.

3 Let thy good spirit guide my way,
 Yea, let it dwell with me,
 Nor suffer me to go astray,
 Saviour, I trust in thee.

4 Soon as my race is run may sing
 Of God's free grace and love,
 Nor cease to sing of Christ my king,
 Great God in realms above.

5 Hark ! hear the saints and angels sing,
 In heavens high courts above,
 Salvation to our God belongs
 And Christ of saints belov'd.

6 Great is my God, my all in all
 Eternal is, I live,
 For nothing moves, or stands, or falls,
 In worlds, without thy leave.

7 First in thine own immensity,
 To dwell forevermore,
 Yonder above this azure sky,
 Sure angels thee adore.

8 Earth, heaven and hell shews forth thy power,
 View God in all to be,
 Each day, and night, and every hour,
 New scenes of thine may see.

9 Behold what glories in thee shine,
 O God of matchless skill,
 Resplendant are thy works divine,
 Not one shall fail thy will.

10 In wisdom thou hast plac'd them all,
 Not one of them recline,
 Gave them their station and their call,
 Respecting thy design.

11 O matchless power ! O glorious skill !
 Thy goodness I adore,
 O may I know and do thy will,
 Now and for evermore.

HYMN III.

The call of the Gospel : &c. Luke, xxiv. 47.

GO my heralds blow the trumpet,
Sound my gospel all around,
That dead sinners may be 'waked,
For to hear the joyful sound.

Let the tidings, let the tidings, let the tidings,
Of my grace and love be known.

2 Preach repentance to all nations,

For remission of their sins,

He that believeth shall be fav'd,

He that don't believe is dam'd.

Lo I'm with you, lo I'm with you, lo I'm with
Always even to the end. [you,

3 To believing, humbled sinners

Preach my pard'ning grace and love ;

Tell them, peace is with my Father,

In his royal courts above.

Through the merits, through the merits, through
the merits,

Of their precious Saviour's blood.

4 Shew my conquest made by dying,

Yonder, on mount Calvary hill,

How I spoil'd the powers of darkness,

When the law I did fulfil.

And did triumph, and did triumph, and did tri-
umph,

O'er the gates of death and hell.

5 Tell my children I've ascended,

To my father to prepare,

Peaceful mansions stor'd with blessings,

Where I am, they shall be there ;
 To enjoy them, to enjoy them, to enjoy them,
 And my kingdom they shall share.

6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May thy love our spirits raise,
 View the judgement day approaches,
 Sighs shall there be chang'd to praise.
 At thy coming, at thy coming, at thy coming,
 When the proud shall howl and gaze.

7 O the tokens of thy coming,
 Dearest Lord, we're glad to see,
 For to call us to thy kingdom,
 Evermore to dwell with thee.
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Let us praise the sacred three.

H Y M N 112. S. M.

The weeping Christian.

MY soul why weepest thou,
 Tell me from whence arise,
 Those briny tears that often flow,
 Those groans that pierce the skies.

2 Doth sin cause thy complaints,
 Or the chastising rod,
 Dost thou an evil heart lament,
 And mourn an absent God?

3 Lord let me weep for sin,
 And after none but thee,
 And then I would, O that I might:
 A constant weeper be.

- 4 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall my cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief,
Burst forth my weeping eye.
- 5 The son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see,
Be thou astonish'd O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee,
- 6 He wept that you might weep,
Each sin demands a tear,
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.
- 7 To the eternal three,
In will and essence one,
Be universal homage paid,
Co-equal honors done.

H Y M N . 113. L. M.

TIME like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps all the sons of men away ;
May we in time prepare to die,
And reign with Christ above the sky.

2 How short our life, it does not last
But a few days and then it's past ;
To God our souls must then return,
And take their doom to smile or mourn.

3 Jesus we long to see thy face,
At thy right hand to have a place,
Where we shall reign with thee in love,
In that bright world of bliss above.

4 There no more sorrow we shall find,
No trouble to disturb our mind ;

But Jesus there our friend shall be,
And that to all eternity.

5 Eternity is short enough,
To reign with God and Christ above ;
Where angels bow around the throne,
And saints unite the joyful tone.

6 Glory to God the father be,
And to the holy one in three ;
All praise in heaven is their just due,
On earth let saints his praise renew.

H Y M N 114. L. M.

On the hardness of the heart.

1 FOR a glance of heav'nly day,
To take the stubborn stone away ;
And thaw with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake.
The sea can roar, the mountains shake ;
Of feeling all things shew some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 Thy judgment too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought) which devils fear ;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

4 To hear the sorrow thou hast felt,
Dear Lord an adamant would melt,
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need ;

Thy spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

H Y M N 115. L. M.

The eternity of God, and man's mortality. Psal. xc.

L ORD, thou hast been thy children's God,
All powerful, wise and good and just,
In every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge and their trust.

2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heavens abroad,
Or form'd the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.

3 Great father of eternity,
How short are ages in thy sight !
A thousand years how swift they fly,
Like one short silent watch of night.

4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies !
Dream of an hour, how short our bloom !
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
And with true diligence apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

6 O may our sacred pleasures rise,
In sweet proportion to our pains,
Till e'en the sad remembrance dies,
Nor one uneasy thought complains.

7 Let thy almighty work appear,
With power and evidence divine ;

And may the bliss thy servants share,
Continu'd to their children shine.

8 Thy glorious image fair impress,
Let all our hearts and lives declare ;
Beneath thy kind protection bless'd,
May all our labours own thy care.]

H Y M N 116. C. M.

The goodness of God, Nahum. i. 7.

YE humble souls approach your God,
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honors shall we raise ?

Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

HYMN 117. L. M.

The loving kindness of the Lord, Isa. Ixiii. 7.

A WAKE my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great redeemer's praise,
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free !

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness O how great !

3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness O how strong !

4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness O how good !

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But tho' I've often him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

6 Soon I shall pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail :
Oh ! may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death !

7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day ;

And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

HYMN 118. C. M.

The traveller's Psalm.

HOW are thy servants blest O Lord,
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and land remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will :
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In 'midst of dangers, fear and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore,
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life;
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death when death shall be our lot.
Shall join our souls to thee.

H Y M N 119. C. M.

The excellency and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

FAATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want.
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast,
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the redeemer's welcome voice,
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blisful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !

6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 120. L. M.

The gospel of Christ.

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal councils known ;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name ;
'Tis writ in characters of blood
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus in ten thousand ways,
His soul attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saints revive.

5 Our raging passions it controuls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage !

HYMN 121. C. M.

The Gospel worthy of all acceptance 1. Tim. i. 15.

JESUS, th' eternal son of God,
Whom Seraphim obey,

The bosom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay.

2 Into our sinful world he comes,
The messenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires,
A victim in our place.

3 Transgressors of the deepest stain
In him salvation find :
His blood removes the foulest guilt,
His spirit heals the mind.

4 Our Jesus saves from sin and hell,
His words are true and sure,
And on this rock our faith may rest
Immoveable, secure.

5 O let these tidings be receiv'd
With universal joy,
And let the high angelic praise
Our tuneful powers employ !

6 " Glory to God who gave his Son
" To bear our shame and pain :
" Hence peace on earth, and grace to men
" In endless blessing reign."

HYMN 122. C. M.

*Support in God's Covenant under trouble, 2. Sam.
xxiii. 5.*

MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides forever sure,
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What tho' my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire ?

To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become ;

Jesus, my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home.

4 I welcome all thy sov'reign will ;
For all that will is love :

And when I know not what thou doft;
I wait the light above.

5 Thy cov'nant the last accent claims
Of this poor faultering tongue ;
And that shall the first notes employ,
Of my celestial song.

H Y M N 123. L. M.

It is finished—John. xix. 30.

1 'TIS finish'd so the Saviour cry'd,
And meekly bow'd his head and di'd,
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run.
The battle fought the vict'ry won.

2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decre'd,
And all the ancient prophets said
Is now fulfil'd, as was design'd,
In me the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore :
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
Shall sing of every kind alone :

Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this my last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finish'd--heav'n is reconcil'd
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd :
Peace, love and happiness aga'in
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard thro' all the nations round ;
'Tis finish'd--let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell; thro' earth and sky.

H Y M N 124. L. M.

Leaving the World.

FAREWELL vain world, I must begone,
I have no home nor stay in thee ;
I'll take my staff and travel on
Till I a better world can see.

2 Why art thou loth my heart, O why
Dost thou recoil within my breast ;
Grieve not but say, farewell, and fly
Unto the ark my dove there's rest.

3 I come my Lord a pilgrim's pace,
Weary and weak I slowly move ;
Longing but yet can't reach the place,
The gladsome place of rest above.

4 I come my Lord the floods here rise,
These troubl'd seas foam nought but mire ;
My dove back to my bosom flies,
Farewell poor world heav'n's my desire.

5 Stay, stay, said earth, whither fond one,
Here's a fair world, what would it thou have.

Fair world O no, thy beauty's gone,
A heav'nly Canaan Lord I crave.

6 Thus the ancient trav'lers thus they,
Weary of earth sigh'd after thee ;
They're gone before I must not stay,
Till I both thee and them may see.

7 Put on my soul put on with speed,
Tho' the way be long the end is sweet ;
Once more poor world farewell indeed,
In leaving thee my Lord I meet.

H Y M N 125. C. M.

Keep Close to Jesus and be safe from harm.

AS when the child secure of harms,
Hangs at the mother's breast ;
Safe folded in her anxious arms,
Receiving food and rest.

2 And while through many a painful path,
The trav'ling parents speeds ;
The fearless babe with passive faith,
Lies still and yet proceeds.

3 Should some short start his quiet break,
He fondly strives to fling
His little arms about her neck,
And seems to closer cling.

4 Poor child paternal love alone,
Preserves thee first and last ;
Thy parent's arms and not thy own,
Are those that hold thee fast.

5 So souls that would to Jesus press,
And hear his secret call ;

Must ev'ry fair pretension leave,
And let the Lord be all.

6 Keep close to me thou helpless sheep,
The shepherd softly cries ;

Lord tell me what 'tis close to keep,
The list'ning sheep replies.

7 Thy whole dependance on me fix,
Nor entertain a thought :

Thy worthless schemes with mine to mix,
But venture to be nought.

8 Fond self direction is a shelf,
Thy strength thy wisdom flee ;

When thou art nothing in thy self,
Then thou art close to me.

H Y M N 126. L. M.

The superlative love of the Redeemer.

COME let me love or is my mind
Hard'ned to stone or froze to ice ;
I saw the blessed fair one bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies.

2 O 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heav'ly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal's love.

3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire.
Bound to sustain eternal pain ;
He flew on wings of strong desire
Assum'd my guilt and took my chain.

4 Did ever pity stoop so low ?
Dress'd in divinity and blood ;

Was ever rebels courted so,
With groans of an expiring God.

5 Amazing grace, Almighty charms,
Stand in amaze ye whirling skies ;
Jesus the God with naked arms ;
Hangs on a cross of love and dies.

6 Sure I must love, or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move ;
Mine eyes shall melt away to tears ;
This heart shall yield to death or love.

H Y M N 127. C. M.

The presence of God worth dying for.

L ORD 'tis an infinite delight,
To see thy lovely face :
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

2 Thy way is to the upright strength,
Lord make it so to me,
That never tiring with the length,
My soul may reach to thee.

3 Now let me rise and join their song,
And be an angel too ;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

4 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise ;
Oh for some heav'nly notes to bear
My spirit to the skies.

5 There ye that love my Saviour sit,
There I would fain have place,

Amongst your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

6 O may my humble spirit stand,
Amongst them cloth'd in white ;
The meanest place at God's right hand,
Is infinite delight.

7 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

8 Jesus the Lord their harps employ,
Jesus my love they sing,
Jesus the name of all my joys,
Sounds sweet on every string.

9 O may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song ;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart
And love command my tongue.

H Y M N 128. C. M.

Zion and the Lamb.

RISE Zion shine thy light is come,
The glor'ous day's begun ;
Those beams we see how bright they be,
Dart from the glor'ous sun.

2 Of righteousness that rising is,
The day doth dawn apace ;
Those songs of praise we hear a-days
Of Christ and his free grace.

3 Are tokens, plain the Lamb once slain
Is hastening to his throne ;

The bride doth say come haste a-way,
My dear beloved one.

4 The saints rejoice the turtle's voice,
Is heard within our land :
The hundred forty four thousand,
Doth on Mount Zion stand.

5 And there they sing to Christ their king,
With songs of such a strain ;
That there are none but those alone,
For whom the Lamb was slain.

6 Can learn the song that saints do sing,
The song of Moles now
Are laid aside by the Lamb's bride,
For 'tis a note below.

7 Ye taught ones of the Lord sing praise,
To th' Lamb upon the throne ;
For it was he taught you and me,
To sing the Lamb's new song.

H Y M N 129. L. M.

Saints welcome to heaven, their home.

COME we that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed ;
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk this narrow happy road.

2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street,
Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
Yet Christ will save his hearts delight.

3 The happy day will soon appear,
When Gabr'el's trumpet you shall hear,

Sound through the earth, yea down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.

4 Behold the skies in burning flame,
The trumpet louder still proclaims ;
The world must hear and know their doom,
The separation now is come.

5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come ;
Whilst Christ the judge their joy proclaims,
Here comes my saints, I own their names.

6 Ye everlasting doors fly wide,
Make room for to receive my bride ;
Ye harps of heav'n come sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood.

7 In grandeur see the royal line,
Whose glitt'ring robes the sun outshine ;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor round the throne.

8 They stand in wonder and look on.
And join in one eternal song ;
Their great redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their hearts on fire.

H Y M N 130. C. M.

The convert in his duty, makes all joyous.

GLORIOUS angels do rejoice,
When sinners turn to God ;
Let us unite with cheerful voice,
And sing unto the Lord.

2 Christ Jesus unto Jordan came,
To be baptiz'd of John ;

A voice from heaven did proclaim,
 'Tis my beloved Son.

3 Jesus his servants sent about,
 His gospel to make known ;
 For to baptize the world throughout,
 All them who do him own.

4 Lord we have now before our eyes :—
 One that doth set his hand,
 To serve the Lord, to be baptiz'd,
 As thou didst give command.

5 Glory to God that reigns above,
 For his abounding grace ;
 Is this the token of his love,
 To us a guilty race.

6 Let us improve our tongues to sing,
 The praises of the Lord ;
 For calling sinners home to him,
 By his all-powerful word.

H Y M N 131. C. M.

To sing going to the water for Baptism.

MINE ears delighted with the sound,
 It breaks the silent air ;
 It rings melod'ous all around,
 It cords I hear no jar.

2 How beautiful the saints appear,
 They're to the water bound ;
 This is the voice that I do hear,
 With songs their joys are crown'd.

3 In ord'ly ranks they slowly move,
 And praise their mighty king ;

All solemn faces full of love,
Adoring while they sing.

4 I see the heav'n-born candidate,
With wonder and surprise ;
Say'ng why me Lord, I've come so late,
And tears roll from his eyes.

5 But still he fills a humble place,
Amidst those solemn ranks ;
They walk down to the water-side,
And hail sweet Jordan's banks.

6 The watchman prays a charming sound,
Then takes him by the hand ;
Bright Seraphs hover all around,
And by God's children stand.

7 They both step softly in the stream,
The waters rolling by ;
Then under water plunges him,
He cries my friends come nigh.

8 I'll tell you what sweet Christ hath done,
He sav'd my soul from death ;
Then from the waters straight he comes,
With praise in ev'ry breath.

H Y M N 132. L. M.

The shepherds care.

JESUS my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence will my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.

2 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend ;

When in the fultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant.

3 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers soft and flow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread.
With gloomy horrors overspread ;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou O Lord art with me still.

5 Thy friendly staff shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreary shade ;
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray.

6 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile ;
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

H Y M N 133. C. M.

The conflict.

A H ! me my heart's the seat of war,
Two armies there appear ;
Satan has drawn his forces up,
My God my strength draw near.

2 The flesh and spirit do contend,
For this weak soul of mine :
Two worlds in competition stand,
Lord save me I am thine.

3 The soul upon the wing of faith,
Strews triumphs in his way ;

But strait a guilty thought breaks in,
And minglest night with day.

4 My evidences should be clear,
But ah ! the blots of sin

Turn cheering hopes to sadning fear,
And make black doubts within.

5 The laws of sin and grace will jar,
Both dwelling in one room ;

The saints expect perpet' al war,
Till they are sent for home.

6 Altho' these combats make you fear,
They should not cast you down ;
God will give grace to hold out here,
And glory for a crown.

H Y M N 134. S. M.

Pride.

I NNUMERABLE foes,
Attack the child of God ;
He feels within the weight of sin,
A grievous galling load.

2 Temptations too without,
Of various kinds assault ;
Sly snares beset his trav'ling feet,
And makes him often halt.

3 From sinner and from saint,
He meets with many a blow ;
His own bad heart creates him smart,
Which only God can know.

4 But tho' the host of hell,
Be neither weak nor small ;
One mighty foe deals dang'rous woe,

And hurts beyond them all.

5 'Tis pride accursed pride,
That spir't by God abhor'd ;
Do what we will it haunts us still,
And keeps us from the Lord.

6 It blows its pois'nous breath,
And bloats the soul with air ;
The heart uplifts with God's own gifts,
And makes e'en grace a snare.

7 Awake—nay while we sleep,
In all we think or speak ;
It puffs us glad, torments us sad,
Its hold we cannot break.

8 In other ills we find,
The hand of heaven not slack ;
Pride only knows to interpose,
And keep our comforts back.

9 'Tis hurtful when perceiv'd,
When not perceiv'd 'tis worse ;
Unseen or seen it dwells within,
And works by fraud or force.

10 Against its influ'nce pray,
It minglest with the prayer ;
Against it preach, it prompts the speech,
Be silent still 'tis there.

11 This moment while I write,
I feel its pow'r within ;
My heart it draws to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin.

12 Thou meek and lovely Lamb,
This haughty tyrant kill ;
That wounded thee tho' thou wast free,
And grieves thy spirit still.

13 Our condescending God,
To whom else shall we go ;
Remove our pride what'er betide,
And lay and keep us low.

H Y M N 135.

The Paradox.

HOW strange is the course that a christian-
must steer,

How perplext is the path he must tread ;
The hope of his happiness rises from fear.
And his life he receives from the dead.

2 His fairest pretensions must wholly be wav'd,
And his best resolutions be cross'd ;
Nor can he expect to be perfectly sav'd,
'Till he finds himself utterly lost.

3 When all this is done and his heart is assur'd,
Of the total remission of sin ;
When his pardon is seal'd and his peace is pro-
From that moment his conflict begins. [cur'd

H Y M N 136.

BE GONE unbelief,
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief,
Will surely appear.

By pray'r let me wrestle,
And he will perform,
With Christ in the vellel,
I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,

'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide.
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken,
Will surely prevail.

3 His love in time past,
Forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last,
In trouble to sink :
Each sweet cbenezar
I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure,
To help me quite through.

4 Determin'd to save,
He watch'd o'er my path,
When satan's blind slave,
I sported with death.
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me,
To put me to shame.

5 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptations or pain,
He told me no less.
The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation,
Must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up,
That sinners might live.

His way was much rougher,
And darker than mine,
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine.

7 Since all that I meet,
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The med'cine is food.
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then oh how pleasant
The conquerer's song.

HYMN 137. C. M.

COME brethren let us join and sing,
And tell what Christ has done ;
Who sav'd our souls from hell and sin,
By his free grace alone.

2 The angelic host he passed by,
And set his love on man ;
Left glory and come down to die,
Our souls for to redcem.

3 We've heard his voice, we know the sound,
We feast upon his love ;
The blessed spirit has come down,
To witness him above.

4 He is our prophet, priest and king,
Whom we unseen adore ;
Therefore we'll praise, and talk, and sing,
Of him for evermore.

5 Our fellowship's divine and sweet,
With Father and the Son ;

And to him heart to heart doth meet,
That we may all be one.

6 That we his name may glorify,
In this probation state ;
And in his promises rely,
And for his coming wait.

7 And when our tribulation's o'er,
And trouble with us cease ;
We shall arrive on Cana'n's shore,
And see him as he is.

8 And when our faith and hope does cease,
And we leave off to pray ;
The love of Christ will then increase,
To everlasting day.

H Y M N 138.

On the Mystery of Salvation.

O What a glorious mystery, wonder, won-
der, wonder,
That I should ever saved be ; wonder, &c.
No heart can think no tongue can tell &c.
The love of God unchangeable, &c.

2 Great mystery who can tell why
That Christ for sinners e'er should die ;
That he should leave those realms of bliss,
And groan for sinners on the cross.

3 Great mystery that he should place
His love on those of Adam's race ;
That my poor soul should share a part,
And find a mansion in his heart.

4 Great mystery I do behold,
That God should ever save a soul ;

And snatch me from the jaws of hell,
The greatness of his love to tell.

5 Why was I not still left behind,
With thousand others of mankind ;
Who run the dang'rous sinful race,
And dies and never tastes his grace.

6 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly brought us in to taste,
Of heavenly manna from above,
Redeeming grace and living love.

7 Not all the heavenly host can scan
The glories of this noble plan ;
'Tis wisdom from the Father's skill,
And so remains a mystery still.

H Y M N 139. L. M.

Love and Obedience.

NOW while we do begin to sing,
A song of praise to Christ our king ;
O may our hearts be rais'd above
All things below and fir'd with love.

2 Since thou dost of us all require
To worship thee with pure desire ;
To glorify thy name and then
The God of peace will in us reign.

3 Then shall our noblest powers rejoice,
When we're obed'ent to thy voice ;
To act and do what thou commands,
Renouncing all our former plans.

4 That in the spirit we may walk,
Attending to what Christ has spoke ;

O

So we shall all grow up in him,
Unto the stature of a man.

5 Then like the sun will Zion shine,
Each part in union all divine ;
O hasten this dear Lord we pray,
To be fulfil'd in this our day.

H Y M N 140. C. M.

The joys of Heaven.

COME Lord, and warm each languid heart
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
And let the joys of heaven impart,
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow and pain and every care,
And discord there shall cease ;
And perfect joy, and love sincere
Adorn the realms of peace,

3 The soul from sin forever free,
Shall mourn its power no more ;
But cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There on a throne (how dazzling bright)
Th' exalted Saviour shines ;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.

5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs ;
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire ;

Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join the angelic choir.

HYMN 141. L. M.

The worship of Heaven.

- O FOR a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns !
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall ;
And with delightful worship own
His smile, their bliss, their heaven, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujah's rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Thro' all th' assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture when they gaze ;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the favorites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir ;
O may the joy inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire !
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place ;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

H Y M N 142. C. M.

Victory over death thro' Christ.

WHEN death appears before my sight
 In all his dire array,
 Unequal to the dreadful fight,
 My courage dies away.

2 But see my glorious leader nigh !
 My Lord my Saviour lives ;
 Before him death's pale terrors fly,
 And my faint heart revives.

3 He left his dazzling throne above,
 He met the tyrant's dart :
 And (O ! amazing power of love ;)
 Reciv'd it in his heart.

4 No more, O grim destroyer, boast
 Thy universal sway ;
 To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost;
 Thy night, the gates of day.

5 Lord, I commit my soul to thee,
 Accept the sacred trust,
 Receive this nobler part of me,
 And watch my sleeping dust :

6 Till that illustrious morning come,
 When all thy saints shall rise,
 And cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
 Attend thee to the skies.

7 When thy triumphant armies sing
 The honors of thy name,
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With glory to the Lamb.

8 O let me join the raptur'd lays,
And with the blissful throng
Resound Salvation, power, and praise,
In everlasting song.

HYMN 143. C. M.

The blessed Society in Heaven.

RISE thee my soul, fly up and run
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street,
And say, ther's nought below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.

[2 Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above ;
Nor earth, with all her mighty things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.] .

3 There on a high majestic throne
Th' almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

4 Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon ;
No ev'ning there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the sacred dove,
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne ;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite three one.

[7 But O what beams of heav'nly grace:
Transport them all the while !
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in ev'ry smile !]

8 Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell amongst them there ?

H Y M N . 144.

Grateful recollection.

COME thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace !
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise :
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above :
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my ebenezar,
Hither by thy help I come ;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home :
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He to save my soul from danger
Interpos'd with precious blood.

3 O ! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee !

Frone to-wander, Lord, I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

H Y M N 145. L. M.

Jehovah Jesus.

MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode ;
The Saviour, by that name I call,
The great supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense ;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines, eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty ruler of the sky ;
As when the six days work he made,
Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim ;
That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears
And own Immanuel for his name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see :
My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal
To worship him who di'd for me.

6 As man, he pities my complaint,
His power and truth are all divine ;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

H Y M N 146. C. M.

The happy Debtor.

TEN thousand talents once Iow'd,
 And nothing had to pay ;
 But Jesus freed me from the load,
 And wash'd my debt away.

2 Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,
 And blotted out my score ;
 Much more indebted I have been,
 Thane'er I was before.

3 My guilt is cancell'd quite I know,
 And satisfaction made ;
 But the vast debt of love I owe,
 Can never be repaid.

4 The love I owe for sin forgiv'n
 For power to believe,
 For present peace, and promis'd heaven,
 No angel can concieve.

5 That love of thine ! thou sinners friend !
 Witnes thy bleeding heart ?
 My little all can ne'er extend
 To pay a thousandth part.

6 Nay more, the poor returns I make
 I first from thee obtain ;
 And 'tis of grace, that thou will take
 Such poor returns again.

7 'Tis well—it shall my glory be
 (Let who will boast their store)
 In time, and to eternity,
 To owe thee more and more.

H Y M N 147. C. M.

God's presence is light in darkness.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun !

He is my soul's bright morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At the transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death
I'd break thro' ev'ry toe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror thro'.

H Y M N 148.

The Christian's triumph.

ALMIGHTY love inspire
My heart with sacred fire,
And animate desire,
My soul to renew.
I love the blessed Jesus,
On whom bright angels gazes

And symphony increases,
Above the eth'r'al blue.

2 My tender-hearted Jesus,
His love my heart amazes,
Who came for to save us,
When lost and undone.

No seraph could redeem us,
No angel could retrieve us,
No armies could relieve us,
But Jesus Christ alone.

3 In him I have believed,
And he's my soul retrieved;
From sin he's relieved,
My soul which was dead.
And now I love my Saviour,
For I am in his favor,
And hope with him for ever,
The golden streets to tread.

4 Yet here a while I stay,
In hope of that glad day,
When I am call'd away
To the mansions above.
There to enjoy the pleasure,
Of unconsuming treasure,
And thout in highest measure
Hallelujahs of love.

5 The hope of seeing Jesus,
When all my conflicts ceases;
My love to him increases,
His name to adore.
Come O my blessed Saviour!
Vouchsafe to me this favor,
To dwell with thee for ever,
When time shall be no more.

6 Then in the blooming garden,
Re-gain'd by Christ's free pardon,
Upon the banks of Jordan,

I'll worship the Lamb,
And join the song of Moses,
While Jesus sweet composes,
A song that never closes,
Of praises to his name.

HYMN 149. C. M.

The hope of Heaven, support under Trials.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 150. C. M.

The glory of Christ in Heaven.

O The delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,

Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'er-flowing grace !

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,

And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright scepters down,

Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street,
And lay their highest honors down
Submissive at his feet.

5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.

6 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.

7 This is the man, thi' exalted man
Whom we unseen adore ;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

[8 Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy bless'd abode,
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise,
To our incarnate God.

9 And whilst our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay,

And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.

H Y M N 151.*Invitation.*

COME and taste along with me,
Consolations running free ;
From my Father's worthy home,
Sweeter than the honey comb.

2 Wheresore should I thirst alone,
Two is better still than one ;
More that comes of free good will,
Makes the bargain sweeter still.

3 Saints in glory sing aloud,
For to see an heir of God
Coming in at heaven's door,
Making up the number more.

4 Goodness running like a stream,
Through the new Jerusalem ;
By its constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.

5 Though my body do its best,
For to keep me off from Christ :
Drawn by grace I come to him,
He alone can pardon sin.

6 Sinful nature, lurking vice,
Cannot stop the work of grace ;
Wo'llst there is a God to give,
Are a sinner to receive.

7 When I go to heaven's store,
Asking for a little more ;

Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me a gleaner there.

8 Then I go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume :
Gleaning manna on the road,
Dropping from the mouth of God,

9 Heaven here and heaven there,
Comforts growing every where ;
This I boldly can attest,
For my soul has got a taste.

H Y M N 152. C. M.

The examples of Christ and the Saints.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears :
They wrestled hard as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

3 I ask'd them whence their vict'ry came :
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast)
And following their incarnate God,
Pottes'd the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious leader claims our praise
For his own pattern giv'n,

While the long cloud of witnesses
Shews the same path to heav'n.

H Y M N 153. L. M.

The Lord's supper Instituted.

TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake ;
What love thro' all his actions ran !
What wond'rous words of grace he spoke !

3 This is my body broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food :
Then took the cup and blesst the wine :
'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.

[4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn ;
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was spilt
To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When for black crimes of biggest size
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

6 Do this (he cry'd) till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying friend ;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.

[7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,

Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.]

HYMN 154. C. M.

The saints confidence in God.

OH why art thou cast down my soul,
And fill'd with fear and grief ;
Tho' faith and zeal and love's grown cold
Yet sure there is relief.

2 Thus saith the Lord, our Saviour dear,
Fear not my little flock,
You are the children of my care,
And I'm your living rock.

3 Return ye children unto me,
Why will you starve and die,
My grace sufficient is for thee,
I'll all your wants supply.

4 Then why my soul art thou cast down,
Since Jesus is thy friend ;
Tho' foes and foars thy feet surround,
Yet on his grace depend.

5 Tho' tribulations fears and pain,
And sins beset our way ;
Yet soon we shall with Jesus reign,
In everlasting day.

6 Altho' we here in darkness dwell,
Yet Christ our light will come ;
Our Saviour conquer'd death and hell,
And triumph'd o'er the tomb.

7 Oh for a message from above !
To bear our spirits up ;

Some pledge of our redeemer's love,
For to support our hope.

8 Tho' waves and thunders mix and roar,
If God remains our friend,
Jesus will come with all his power
Our cause for to defend.

9 Then come O blessed Saviour come !
Take home thy weary bride ;
Yet while the earth remains our home,
We'll in thy truth confide.

H Y M N 155. C. M.

Man frail and Mortal.

ALL flesh is grass the prophet cry'd,
Their beauties soon decay ;
Although they're cloth'd with power and pride,
They soon must fade away.

2 Behold the grass that clothes the field,
And looks so green and gay ;
Touch'd by the scythe defenceless yield,
And fall and fade away.

3 Fit emblem of our mortal state !
Thus in the scripture glas,
The young, the strong, the wife, the great,
May see themselves but grass.

4 Ah ! trust not to your fleeting breath,
Nor call your time your own ;
Around you see the scythe of death,
Is mowing thousands down.

5 And you who hitherto are spar'd,
Must shortly yield your lives ;

Your wisdom is to be prepar'd,
Before the stroke arrives.

6 The grass when dead revives no more ;
You, die to live again ;
But ah if death should prove the door
To everlasting pain.

7 Let none that's void of saving grace,
Now trust in forms that's vain,
And so be found but hypocrites,
To suffer endless pain.

8 Come sinners now repent and turn.
To God and seek his face ;
He will to you great mercy shew,
And fill your souls with peace.

9 Oh may we all obey the call,
Of truth and gospel grace ;
That when like grass our bodies fall,
Our souls may rest in peace.

H Y M N 156. C. M.

The insufficiency of human nature, and Christ the all-sufficient Saviour.

OUR souls rejoice to hear the sound
Of gospel truth and grace ;
The matchless love of God abounds
To sinful Adam's race.

2 No human power nor human skill,
Can free our souls from death ;
Through all our best obed'ence still,
We sin in ev'ry breath.

- 3 Though we no power nor goodness have,
Yet God's eternal Son,
Hath sovereign power and he can save,
By his own arm alone.
- 4 He sends his spirit down to men,
With messages of grace ;
For to reprove the world of sin,
And teach the saints his grace.
- 5 Lord we adore thy matchless grace,
That caus'd the light to thine
Upon the fins of Adam's race,
With blessings so divine.
- 6 Oh ! glorious power oh ! matchless grace,
That freed our souls from hell ;
Assit our tongues to sound thy praise,
And all thy wonders tell.

HYMN 157.

BARTIMEUS.

"MERCY ; O thou son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd ;
Others by thy word are sav'd,
Now to me afford thy aid :
Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still ;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
" Come, and ask me what you will."

2 Money was not what he wanted,
Tho' by begging us'd to live
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms, which none but he could give ;

“ Lord remove this grieveous blindness,
 Let my eyes behold the day ; ”
 Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
 Follow’d Jesus in the way.

3 Oh ! methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around ;
 “ Friends is not my case amazing ?
 What a Saviour I have found :
 Oh ! that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advis’d by me !
 Surely, would they hasten to him,
 He would cause them all to see.”

H Y M N 158. C. M.

The covenant Meeting.

SINCE God hath let us live to see,
 And at this place to meet ;
 Now let us join to sing and pray,
 And get at Jesus’ feet.

2 There’s no where else that we can go,
 Nor would I if I dare,
 Join with the drunken swearing crew,
 For they have not such fare.

3 Now let us hear what all will say,
 Since we have pray’d and sung ;
 One rises and he says my soul
 Doth in the Lord feel strong.

4 Another says I’m very dark,
 But yet I mean to go ;
 A third one cries I feel a spark
 Of heavenly love below.

- 5 But still they rise to speak and say,
I'm low, I'm dull, I'm weak ;
I'm far behind you all this day,
And some will hardly speak.
- 6 Some speak quite loud, and some quite low,
And some are mighty strong ;
Upon the whole each one doth say
I mean to keep along.
- 7 Keep on, keep on ye fainting souls,
The Lord is on your side ;
Ye need not fear what man can do,
Ye are the Saviour's bride.
- 8 Unto the strong just let me say,
Don't leave the faint behind ;
But in your bosom take the Lambs
And to the weak be kind.
- 9 The weak shall be as Jesse's son,
The strong as angels bright ;
When we no more shall walk by faith,
But all shall walk by sight.
- 10 We'll praise our Saviour here below,
And praise him when above ;
Where all shall strike a single note,
And that be bleeding love.

H Y M N 159. C. M.

An exhortation to all Saints.

COME brethren let us all unite,
To love and serve the Lord ;
Now let us walk in his commands,
And keep his holy word.

- 2 O may we be as shining lights,
Among the sons of men ;
And may our practice witness bear,
That we've with Jesus been.
- 3 May we so live in peace and love,
So much Christ's image bear ;
That by our fruits all men may know
We his disciples are.
- 4 For since 'tis at the house of God,
That judgment must begin ;
May all the saints now be engag'd,
To flee from every sin.
- 5 O may we all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love ;
Till each before his glorious throne,
Shall joyful meet above.

HYMN 160. C. M.

An invitation to Sinners.

COME fellow sinners now awake,
And seek for Christ the way ;
And flee from sin and vanity,
The gospel now obey.

2 For if the righteous scarce be sav'd,
Who serve the Lord with fear ;
And walk in all of his commands,
O where will you appear !

3 Unless the blood of Jesus Christ,
Doth wash your sins away,
You must in all your sins appear,
At the great day.

- 4 Now let the aged and the youth,
The voice of God obey ;
And now improve the means of grace,
Whilst it is call'd to day.
- 5 Now Christ with open arms doth stand,
Such sinners to receive ;
That turn from their unrighteousness ;
And do on him believe.
- 6 Then be persuaded to believe,
In Christ the living way ;
And trust his mercy and his grace,
And his commands obey.
- 7 Then shall your souls be fill'd with love,
Your hearts with joy and peace,
And join with all the saints above,
To sing the Saviour's praise.

H Y M N 161. C. M.

Pardon brought to our senses.

L ORD, how divine thy comforts are,
How heav'nly is the place,
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace !

2 There the rich bounties of our God
And sweetest glories thine,
There Jesus says that I am his,
And my beloved's mine.

3 Here (says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shows his wounded side)
See here the spring of all your joys,
That open'd when I di'd.

[4 He smiles and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain,
All this, said he, I bore for thee,
And then he smiles again.]

5 What shall we pay our heav'nly king
For grace so vast as this ;
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

[6 Let such amazing loves as these
Be founded all abroad ;
Such favors are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

[7 To him that wash'd us in his blood,
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honor, glory, power,
Eternal as his days.]

HYMN 162. C. M.

Trouble, but making God a Refuge.

EAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
I thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel,

3 But O ! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

- 5 Him thy deliv'rer thou shall prove,
 Fear not the hellish rout ;
 Then plead his power and trust his love,
 And never, never doubt.
- 6 His purpose sov'reign grace,
 To thee he'll bring about ;
 And thou in heaven shall see his face,
 Then never, never doubt.
- 7 There thou on glory's blissful shore,
 Triumphantly shall shout ;
 And his unchanging love adore,
 And never more shall doubt.

HYMN 165. L. M.

The stony heart.

L ORD hear a burd'ned sinner mourn,
 Who gladly to thee wou'd return ;
 Thy tender mercies O impart !
 And take away this stony heart.

2 'Tis this hard heart which links me down,
 Nor asks thy smiles, nor fears thy frown ;
 This cause of all my woe and sinart,
 Lord take away this stony heart.

3 'Tis this hard heart my gracious Lord,
 Which scorns thy love and slighteth thy word ;
 Which tempts me from thee to depart,
 Lord take away this stony heart.

4 'Tis this hard heart whose bold reply,
 Gives all the sacred truth the lie :
 And would thy promises pervert,
 Lord take away this stony heart.

5 'Tis this hard heart I feel within,
 Which flights thy grace and cleaves to sin ;
 Sure 'tis all hell, the counter part,
 Lord take away the stony heart.

6 'Tis this hard heart which dares withstand,
 All the dread judgments, of thy hand ;
 Which daily acts the rebel's part,
 Lord take away this stony heart.

7 'Tis this hard heart which day by day,
 Would shut my mouth nor let me pray ;
 Yea would from ev'ry duty start,
 Lord take away this stony heart.

8 Sure the bles'd day will shortly come,
 When this hard heart shall know its doom ;
 When I no more shall sin retain,
 Nor of a stony heart complain.

H Y M N 166. L. M.

Meditation on the Lord's day morning.

FAR from my soul, O sleep ! retire ;
 Nor longer clog my thinking mind :
 To things immortal I aspire—
 Things of a noble, heavenly kind.

2 This is the day that Jesus bid
 Defiance to the conquer'd grave ;
 He rose, a victor from the dead,
 A glorious Saviour, strong to save.

3 He rose—a proof that we shall rise,
 And unto him, our head, ascend,
 When heaven and earth, and sea and skies,
 With the last hour of time shall end.

- 4 To-day his heralds loud proclaim
Salvation to a rebel race ;
Thro' the exalted Saviour's name,
Thro' his rich blood and righteousness.
- 5 To-day to Zion's hill we go,
With joyful hearts and willing feet ;
And fain would leave the world below,
While we go up our God to meet.
- 6 To-day we join to supplicate
Jehovah at a throne of grace ;
We come before his mercy-feat,
And wait the thinings of his face.
- 7 O Jesus ! we shall meet in vain,
If thou thy quick'ning life withhold ;
Our carnal hearts will still remain,
Languid, indifferent and cold.
- 8 Thou source of light and life divine !
Give each a praying, waiting heart ;
Let ev'ry thought, O Lord ! be thine,
Bid all obtruding cares depart.
- 9 O give us each a sweet foretaste
Of that eternal sabbath-day,
When nothing shall distract our rest,
Or steal from thee our love away.
- 10 Hasten, and bring the period round,
When all redeem'd with Jesus' blood,
In one assembly shall be found,
To praise the faithfulness of God.

HYMN 167. C. M.

The victorious charms of eternal love.

JESUS demands my love supreme,
And kindly asks my heart ;
My heart, prepare and welcome him,
Bid all beside depart..

2 No seraph in the heav'nly groves,
With Jesus can compare :
He shines among a thousand loves,
The uncreated fair !

3 The charms of my redeemer's face,
Both white and ruddy are :
His priestly and his princely dress,
The mystic colours wear.

4 His natures ! O how pure and white !
“ Glorious in holiness ! ”
How dazzling to immortal sight,
The luster of his dress !

5 But he acquir'd that ruddy hue—
His robes their crimson stains,
When God's eternal justice drew,
And pierc'd him for my sins.

6 Still as a Lamb that's newly slain,
Appears the prince of peace ;
Whose life flows out from ev'ry vein,
And dyes the snowy fleece.

7 His bleeding wounds and scars possess
Merits that never waste ;
The riches of his righteousness,
Eternal ages last.

8 The Mediator's glories join
With those of Deity ;

Jehovah-Jesus' charms combine—
Combine to conquer me !

9 O take my heart eternal love !
And there erect thy throne ;
To thee, let all its passions move,
There center, thou alone.

H Y M N 168.

COME away to the skies,
My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born :
On this festival day,
Come exulting way,
And with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love
And treasure above,
Tho' our bodies continue below :
The redeem'd of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

3 With singing we praise
The original grace,
By our heav'nly father bestow'd ;
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honor and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are
Created to share,
Both the nature and kingdom divine ;
Created again,
That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve
 The design of thy love,
 Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name ;
 So united in heart,
 That we never can part,
 Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet,
 We shall suddenly meet,
 And be parted in body no more !
 We shall sing to our lyres,
 With the heavenly choirs,
 And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we sing
 To our Father and king,
 And his rapturous praises repeat ;
 To the Lamb that was slain
 Hallelūjah again,
 Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet..

8 In assurance of hope,
 We to Jesus look up,
 Till his banner unfurl'd in the air
 From our graves we shall see,
 And cry out, " It is he,"
 And fly up to acknowledge him there.

H Y M N 169. S. M.

Nature and Grace.

ETERNAL truth affirms,
 And all believers know,
 That Adam's race, poor fallen worms,
 Have lost their power to do.

2 And tho' restor'd by grace,
 By mighty grace indeed !

The strength we in ourselves possess,
Is like a bruised reed.

3 A will to serve my God,
Thro' sov'reign Grace is mine ;
But daily strength must be bestow'd,
If I would conquer sin.

4 Old nature in my breast,
Still struggles with the new ;
A mortal enmity subsists
Between the waring two.

5 Nature would fain confine
My thoughts to earthly things ;
But grace points up to things divine,
And gives me heav'nly wings.

6 Nature indulges pride,
And gives free will the throne ;
But grace instructs me to confide
In God my strength alone.

7 Nature's a friend to earth,
And loves its maxims much ;
But grace constrains me to go forth,
And bear the Lamb's reproach.

8 Nature esteems his yoke,
To be a grievous load ;
Grace puts it on, and bids me look
To the almighty God.

9. Nature cries, " friend desist,
And leave this rugged way."
But grace says, " this is not thy rest ;
Go on, make no delay."

10 Nature repines and frets,
At the chastising rod ;
But taught by grace my soul submits
To all the will of God.

11 Nature disdains to bow
Before the mercy-feat ;
But grace will lay, and keep me low,
At the Redeemer's feet.

12 Nature knows nothing of
Communion with the Lamb ;
But drawn by grace, O how I love
To call upon his name !

H Y M N 170. C. M.

Difficulties, in the way of duty, surmounted:

WHEN Abram's servant to procure
A wife for Isaac went,
He met Rebekah—told his wish—
Her parents gave consent.

2 Yet for ten days, they urg'd the man
His journey to delay ;
Hinder me not, he quick reply'd,
Since God hath crown'd my way.

3 'Twas thus I cry'd, when Christ the Lord,
My soul to him did wed ;
Hinder me not, nor friends, nor foes,
Since God my way hath sped.

4 Stay; says the world, and taste a while
My ev'ry pleasant sweet ;
Hinder me not, my soul replies,
Because the way is great.

5 Stay, satan my old master cries,
Or force shall thee detain ;
Hinder me not, I will begone,
My God has broke my chain.

6 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue ;
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

7 Tho' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes ;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Tho' earth and hell oppose.

8 Thro' duty, and thro' trials too
I'll go at his command ;
Hinder me not, for I am bound,
To my Immanuel's land.

9 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

H Y M N 171. S. M.

Salvation by grace, from first to last. Eph. ii. 5,

GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound !
Harmonious to the ear !
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

- [3 Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book :
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.]
- 4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- [5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow :
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.]
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the top-most stone
And well deserves the praise.
- H Y M N 172. C. M.
- The rich fool surprised. Luke xii. 16—22*
- D ELUDED souls ! who think to find
A solid bliss below :
Bliss ! the fair flower of paradise,
On earth can never grow.
- 2 See how the foolish wretch is pleas'd,
To increase his worldly store ;
Too scanty now he finds his barns,
And covets room for more.
- 3 “ What shall I do ? ” distress'd he cries,
“ This scheme will I pursue :
“ My scanty barns shall now come down,
“ I'll build them large and new.

- 4 "Here will I lay my fruits, and bid
 " My soul to take its ease :
 " Eat, drink, be glad, my lasting store
 " Shall give what joys I please."
- 5 Scarce had he spoke, when lo ! from heaven
 The Almighty made reply :
 " For whom dost thou provide, thou fool ?
 " This night thyself shall die."
- 6 Teach me, my God, all earthly joys
 Are but an empty dream :
 And may I seek my bliss alone,
 In thee the good supreme.

HYMN 173. C. M.

The incarnation of Christ. Luke ii. 14.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay ;
 Joy, love and gratitude combine
 To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Thro' all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tun'd the lyre.

3 Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew,
 And loud the echo roll'd ;
 The theme, the song, the joy was new,
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down thro' the portals of the sky
 A h' impetuous torrent ran ;
 And angels flew with eager joy
 To bear the news to man.

[5 Wrapt in the silence of the night
 Lay all the eastern world,
 When bursting, glorious, heavenly light
 The wondrous scene unfurl'd.]

6 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song :
 Good-will and peace are heard throughout
 The harmonious heavenly throng.

[7 O for a glance of heavenly love
 Our hearts and songs to raise ;
 Sweetly to bear our souls above,
 And mingle with their lays !]

8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
 " Glory to God on high ;
 " Good-will and peace are now complete
 " Jesus was born to die."

9 Hail ! prince of life, for ever hail !
 Redeemer, brother, friend !
 Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

H Y M N 174.

The long-suffering, or, patience of God.

I ORD, and am I yet alive,
 Not in torments, not in hell !
 Still doth thy good spirit strive !
 With the chief of sinners dwell !
 Tell it, unto sinners tell,
 I am, I am out of hell !

2 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
 Will not of thy love despair ;
 Still in spite of sin I rise,
 Still I bow to thee in prayer. , , Tell it, &c.

3 O the length and breadth of love !
Jesus, Saviour, can it be ?
All thy mercies height I prove,
All the debth is seen in me. Tell it, &c.

4 See a bush that burns with fire
Unconsum'd amid the flame !
Turn aside th' sight to admire,
I the living wonder am. Tell it, &c.

5 See a stone that hangs in air !
See a spark in ocean live !
Kept alive with death so near,
I to God the glory give.
Ever tell—to sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell.

H Y M N 175. C. M.

*Mercy and truth met together : or, the harmony
of the divine perfections.*

WHEN first the God of boundless grace
Disclos'd his kind design,
To rescue our apostate race
From misery, shame and sin ;

2 Quick, through the realms of light and bliss,
The joyful tidings ran ;
Each heart exulted at the news,
That God would dwell with man.

3 Yet 'midst their joys they paus'd awhile,
And ask'd with strange surprise,
“ But how can injur'd justice smile,
“ Or look with pitying eyes ?

[4 “ Will the Almighty deign again
“ To visit yonder world ;

- “ And hither bring rebellious men,
 “ Whence rebels once were hurl'd ?
- 5 “ Their tears, and groans, and deep distress—
 “ Aloud for mercy call ;
- “ But ah ! must truth and righteousness
 “ To mercy victims fall ?”
- 6 So spake the friends of God and man,
 Delighted, yet surpris'd ;
 Eager to know the wondrous plan,
 That wisdom had devis'd.]
- 7 The Son of God attentive heard,
 And quickly thus reply'd ;
 “ In me let mercy be rever'd,
 “ And justice satisfy'd.
- 8 “ Behold ! my vital blood I pour,
 “ A sacrifice to God ;
- “ Let angry justice now no more
 “ Demand the sinner's blood.”
- 9 He spake, and heaven's high arches rung,
 With shouts of loud applause ;
 “ He dy'd,” the friendly angels sung,
 Nor cease their rapt'rous joys.

H Y M N 176. C. M.

The successful resolve.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
 A thousand thoughts revolve,
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppress,
 And make this last resolve.

2 “ I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 “ Hath like a mountain rose ;

“ I know his courts, I’ll enter in,
“ Whatever may oppose.

3 “ Prostrate I’ll lie before his throne,
“ And there my guilt confess,
“ I’ll tell him I’m a wretch undone
“ Without his sov’reign grace.

4 “ I’ll to the gracious king approach,
“ Whose sceptre pardon gives,
“ Perhaps he may command my touch,
“ And then the suppliant lives.

5 “ Perhaps he will admit my plea,
“ Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
“ But if I perish I will pray,
“ And perish only there.

6 “ I can but perish if I go,
“ I am resolv’d to try :
“ For if I stay away, I know
“ I must forever die.”

H Y M N 177.

F R E E G R A C E.

THE voice of free grace cries, escape to the
mountain,
For Adam’s lost race Christ has open’d a fountain
For sin and transgression and ev’ry pollution,
The blood it flows freely in streams of salvation.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb who purchas’d our par-
don.

We’ll praise him again when we pass over Jor-
dan.

2 This fountain so clear, in which all may find
pardon,
From Jesus's side flows plenteous redemption,
Though your sins they were rais'd as high as a
mountain,
The blood it flows freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah &c.

3 O Jesus ! ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,
Over sin, death and hell thou wilt make us vic-
torious,
Thy name shall be praised in the great congreg-
ation
And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.
Hallelujah &c.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the
blest shore
With our harps in our hands we will praise
him evermore,
We will range the blest fields on the banks of
the river,
And sing hallelujahs for ever and ever.
Hallelujah &c.

H Y M N 178.

The Heavenly Courtier.

LET Christ the glor'ous lover,
Have everlasting praise ;
He comes for to discover
The riches of his grace—
He comes to wretched sinners,
To woo himself a bride ;
Resolving for to win her
And will not be deny'd.

2 Unwilling she discovers
Herself for to deny,
To cast away her pleasures
And lay her honors by—
To part with every notion
That puffs her up with pride,
And take him for her portion,
And be his loving bride.

3 He calls aloud unto her,
“ Pursue your ways no more ;”
She thinks it will undo her,
To part with all her store ;
She willingly refuses
To yield unto his will,
And in her heart she chuses
Her former lovers still.

4 She bolts the door upon him,
And bids the Lord depart ;
She will not serve his honor,
Nor let him have her heart ;
Yet Jesus loves the sinner,
And will not leave the door,
But cri's “ Oh wretched creature !
“ Reject my grace no more.

5 “ Behold my matchless fulness !
“ Arise and let me in ;
“ How can you be so cruel
“ To bar your heart with sin ?
“ If calls and invitation,
“ Will not excite your love,
“ Prepare for condemnation,
“ For I will not remove.”

6 He then displays his power,
By an almighty word ;

He threatens to devour,
 And shews a flaming sword :
 She now begins to tremble
 At what she sees and hears ;
 And fain she would be humble,
 And wash her crimes with tears.

7 She does not yet discover
 The filth of her in-side ;
 She thinks the Lord will love her,
 And take her for his bride ;
 But like refiner's fire
 He searches every part ;
 Conviction rises higher,
 She feels a troubled heart.

8 She now begins to languish,
 And none can her relieve,
 Her heart is full of anguish,
 To find she can't believe.
 Her hopes are now departed,
 And left her full of woe,
 With all the broken hearted,
 She cries what shall I do ?

9 But Jesus has compassion,
 Still moving in his breast,
 Intends to give salvation,
 Unto the souls distress'd ;
 One glimpse of love and power,
 Makes her forget her pain,
 She cries, oh ! happy hour,
 Is this the lovely Lamb ?

10 Is he whom I rejected,
 Stoop'd down to me so low ?
 Goodness, but unexp'cted,
 It hardly can be true ;

And still she cries more fervant,
Lord don't thy mercy hide,
May I become a servant,
And fit to be a bride.

11 The marriage is made ready
The parties are agreed,
The holy son of David
And Adam's wretched seed ;
The sinner is attir'd,
With raiment clean and white,
Her sins are freely pardon'd,
And she's her Lord's delight.

12 They eat and drink together,
And mut'ally embrace,
Both saints and angels wonder,
At the surprising grace ;
This union shall continue,
For evermore the same,
And nothing part asunder,
The christian and the Lamb.

H Y M N 179. C. M.

BEGIN the high celestial strain,
My ravish'd soul and sing
A solemn hymn of grateful praise
To heav'n's Almighty king.

2 Ye curling fountains as ye roll
Your silver waves along,
Whisper to all your verdant shores
The subject of my song.

3 Retain it long y' echoing rocks,
The sacred sound retain,
And from your hollow winding caves
Return it oft again :

- 4 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings
 To distant climes away,
 And round the wide-extended world
 My lofty theme convey.
- 5 Take the glad burden of his name,
 Ye clouds as you arise,
 Whether to deck the golden morn,
 Or shade the ev'ning skies.
- 6 Let harmless thunders roll along
 The smooth ethereal plain,
 And answer from the crystal vault
 To ev'ry flying strain.
- 7 Long let it warble round the spheres
 And echo through the sky,
 Till angels with immortal skill,
 Improve the harmony.
- 8 While I, with sacred rapture fir'd,
 The blest creator sing,
 And warble consecrated lays
 To heav'n's Almighty king.

HYMN 180. L. M.

Human righteousness insufficient to justify.

- WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw
 Or bow myself before thy face? [near,
 How in thy purer eyes appear?
 What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
 Will multiply'd oblations please?
 Thousands of rams his favor buy,
 Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?

3 Can these assuage the wrath of God ?
Can these wash out my guilty stain ?
Rivers of oil, or seas of blood,
Alas ! they all must flow in vain.

4 What have I then wherein to trust ?
I nothing have, I nothing am ;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallow'd up in shame.

5 Guilty, I stand before thy face ;
My sole desert, is hell and wrath ;
'T were just the sentence should take place,
But O, I plead my Saviour's death !

6 I plead the merits of thy Son,
Who died for sinners on the tree ;
I plead his righteousness alone,
O put the spotless robe on me.

H Y M N 181. L. M.

God exalted above all praise.

ETERNAL power ! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
Infinite length, beyond the bounds
When stars revolve their little rounds.

2 The lowest step above thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet ;
In vain the tall arch-angel tries
To reach the height with wond'ring eyes.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our maker too ;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high !

4 Earth, from afar, has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name ;
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, but man below ;
Be short our tunes ; our words be few :
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

H Y M N 182. C. M.

All attainments vain without love.

SHOULD bounteous nature kindly pour
Her richest gifts on me,
Still, O my God, I should be poor,
If void of love to thee.

2 Not shining wit, nor manly sense,
Could make me truly good :
Not zeal itself could recompense
The want of love to God,

3 Did I possess the gift of tongues,
But were deny'd thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs
Would be but sounding brafs.

4 Tho' thou shouldest give me heavenly skill,
Each mystery to explain,
If I'd no heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

5 Had I so strong a faith, my God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith could do me real good,
That did not work by love.

[6 What tho' to gratify my pride,
And make my heaven secure,
All my possessions I divide,
Among the hungry poor.

7 What tho' my body I consign
To the devouring flame,
In hope the glorious deed will shine
In rolls of endless fame !

8 These splendid acts of vanity,
Tho' all the world applaud,
If destitute of charity,
Can never please my God.]

9 O grant me then this one request,
And I'll be satisfy'd,
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

H Y M N 183. L. M.

Bright and Morning-Star.

YE worlds of light, that roll so near
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
O tell how mean your glories are,
How faint and few, compar'd with his.

2 We sing the bright and morning-star,
(Jesus, the spring of light and love ;)
See how its rays diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above.

3 Its cheering beams, spread wide abroad,
Point out the puzzled christian's way ;
Still as he goes he finds the road
Enlighten'd with a constant day.

[4 Thus when the eastern Magi brought
Their royal gifts, a star appears,
Directs them to the babe they sought,
And guides their steps, and calms their fears.]

5 When shall we reach the heavenly place,
Where this bright star will brightest shine ;
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine ?

H Y M N 184. C. M.

A wedding hymn.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding-guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands,
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best !
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope ;
And see with joy a godly seed
To build their household up.

5 As Isaac and Rebekah give
A pattern chaste and kind ;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.

7 On every soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine ;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
Than richest food or wine.

HYMN 185. C. M.

God our guide and teacher.

ETERNAL Sire enthron'd on high !
Whom angel hosts adore ;
Who yet to suppl'ant dust art nigh,
Thy presence we adore.

2 O guide us down the steep of age,
And keep our passions cool—
Teach us to scan the sacred page,
And practice ev'ry rule.

3 Teach us to shun the sceptick's path
To scorn the deist's lore ;
Steadfast to hold the ancient faith—
Hope humbly—and adore.

4 And when our days are past and gone,
Be this last blessing given ;
To join the choir of saints that sing
Thy lofty praise in heaven.

HYMN 186.

The intercession of Christ.

NOW the Saviour stands a pleading,
At the sinners bolted heart ;

Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinner's part.

CHORUS,

Sinner can you hate the Saviour,
Can you thrust him from your arms ?
Once he di'd for your behaviour,
Now he calls you to his charms.

2 Now he pleads his sweat and bloodshed,
Shews his wounded hands and feet ;
Father save them tho' they're bloodred,
Raise them to a heavenly seat.

Sinner can you, &c.

3 Sinner's hear your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to day ;
Turn from all your vain behaviour,
O repent return and pray.

Sinner can you, &c.

4 Open now your heart before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in ;
O receive and glad adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.

Sinner can you, &c.

5 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks at thee ;
See what kindness, love and pity,
Shine around on you and me.

Sinner can you, &c.

6 O be wise before you languish,
On a bed of dying strife ;
Endless joy or endless anguish,
Turn upon the events of life.

Sinner can you, &c.

7 Come for all things now are ready,
Yet for many more there's place ;
Come ye blind, ye lame and needy,
To the store of boundless grace
Sinner can you, &c.

H Y M N. 187. C. M.

HOW meanly dwells th' immortal mind,
How vile these bodies are ;
Why was a clod of earth design'd
T' enclose a heavenly star ?

2 Weak cottage where our souls reside,
This flesh's a tott'ring wall :
The fearful breaches gaping wide,
The building bends to fall.

3 Alas ! how sad our state said I,
And thus went mourning on ;
Till sudden from the cleaving sky,
A gleam of glory shone.

4 My soul all felt the glory come,
And breath'd her native air ;
There she remember'd heaven her home,
While she's a prisoner here.

5 Straight she began to change her key,
And joyful in her pains ;
She sung the traity of her clay,
In pleasurable strains.

6 In heaven we'll strike the sacred wire,
The silver harps will sound ;
Our souls shall blaze with holy fire,
Through the eternal round.

HYMN 188. L. M.

A young Lady's experience.

YOUNG ladies all I pray draw near,
Listen a while and you shall hear,
How sin and satan both did try,
To land my soul in misery.

2 I like the rest of human kind,
Was born in sin both dead and blind ;
And as my days advanc'd, I grew,
The more debas'd and form'd for wo.

3 The darling sin I did commit,
Was that which some delight in yet :
That heinous sin call'd civil mirth,
God threatens with his dreadful wrath ?

4 Full eighteen years around did roll,
Before I thought of my poor soul ;
Which makes me tremble when I think,
How near I was upon the brink !

5 I oftentimes to church did go,
My beauty and fine clothes to show ;
But on my soul I took no thought,
Tho' Jesus had it dearly bought,

6 At length I heard a sermon preach'd,
The words quite through my heart did reach !
He said you must be born again,
If ever heaven you would obtain !

7 To keep the law, at work I went,
But found I fail'd In ev'ry point :
The law appear'd so just and true,
Not one good duty could I do.

3 In silent watches of the night,
In secret places where I might,
Upon my knees pour out my grief,
And pray to God for some relief.

9 My uncle said don't be so dull,
Come, go with me to yonder bair;
I'll dress you up in silk so fine,
And make you heir of all that's mine.

10 Dear uncle, that will never do,
That only will augment my wo—
For I'm resolv'd to seek the Lord,
Perhaps he may his aid afford!

11 Well, if you are resolv'd to turn,
And after silly bablers run,
None of my fortune you shall have,
I will it to some other give!

12 Well, I'm resolv'd to seek the Lord,
Perhaps he may his aid afford;
Come, help me mourn my wretched case,
My soul is lost without free grace!

13 Thus in my great extremity,
Where almost helpless I did lie,
Me thought I heard a still, small voice,
Saying rise up, in me rejoice!

14 Then to my mind did one appear,
All wounded with both nail and spere,
Saying, arise, believe in me,
I di'd to set lost sinners free!

15 Immediately my soul did rise,
On wings of faith above the skies!
I count all earthly things but dross,
And glory in my Saviour's Cross.

16 I know none but the Lord himself,
Can save a soul from sin and death :
And since he was by John baptiz'd,
I'll follow him tho' fools despise.

17 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Since me he doth his aid afford ;
I value no man's scoffs nor frowns,
I hope to wear a starry crown :

18 Come, you who know his works and ways,
Come join with me to sing his praise :
But I must try to praise him best,
I've run so deep in debt to grace.

H Y M N 189.

Joseph made known to his brethren.

WHEN Joseph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted, and trembling with fear,
His heart with compassion was fill'd,
From weeping he could not forbear ;
A while his behaviour was rough,
To bring their past sin to their mind ;
But when they were humbled enough,
He hasted to shew himself kind.

2 How little they thought it was he,
Whom they had ill treated and sold !
How great their confusion must be,
As soon as his name he had told !
“ I'm Joseph your brother (he said)
“ And still to my heart you are dear,
“ You sold me, and thought I was dead,
“ But God for your sake sent me here.”

3 Tho' greatly distressed before,
When charg'd with purloining the cup,

They now were confounded much more,
Not one of them durst to look up.

" Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
" Forgive us the evil we did ?

" And will he our households maintain ?
" O this is a brother indeed !"

4 Thus dragg'd by my conscience, I came
And laden with guilt, to the Lord ;
Surrounded with terror and shame,
Unable to utter a word.

At first he look'd stern and severe,
What anguish then pierced my heart !
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence " Thou cursed depart !"

5 But oh ! what surprize when he spoke,
While tenderness beam'd in his face,
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelm'd and confounded with grace :
" Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
" By thee I was sold and was slain ;
" I dy'd to redeem thee from hell,
And raise thee in glory to reign.

6 I'm Jesus whom thou hast blasphem'd,
" And crucify'd often afresh ;
" But let me henceforth be esteem'd
" Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh :
" My pardon I freely bestow,
" Thy wants I will fully supply ;
" I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
" And soon will remove thee on high.

7 " Go publish to sinners around,
" (That they may be willing to come)
" The mercy which now you have found,
" And tell them that yet there is room."

Oh, sinners the message obey !

No more vain excuses pretend ;
But come, without farther delay,

To Jesus our brother and friend.

H Y M N 190.

The Good Physician..

HOW lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole :

There is but one physician

Can cure a sin-sick soul.

Next door to death he found me

And snatch'd me from the grave ;

To tell to all around me

His mighty power to save..

2 The worst of all diseases

Is light compar'd with sin ;

On ev'ry part it seizes

But rages most within.

'Tis palsey, plague and fever

And madness all combin'd,

An I gone but a believer

The least relief can find.

3 From man's great skill professing

I thought relief to gain ;

But this prov'd more distressing

And added to my pain.

Some said that nothing ail'd me

Some gave me up for lost ;

Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me

And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great physician,

How matchless is his grace ?

Accepted my petition
And undertook my case.
First gave me sight to view him
For sin mine eyes had seal'd,
Then bid me look unto him,
I look'd and I was heal'd.

5 A dying risen Jesus
View'd by an eye of faith ;
From ev'ry danger frees us
And saves our souls from death ;
Come then to this physician
His help he'll freely give ;
He makes no hard conditions
'Tis only look and live.

H Y M N 191.

Longing for a place at the right hand of the Judge.

WHEN thou my righteous judge shall com
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand !
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand ?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
'Tho vilest of them all ;
But can I bear the piercing thought ?
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call !

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace ;
B. thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In this th' accepted day :

Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear ;
Nor let me fall I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face ;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

H Y M N 192. L. M.

The Christian's farewell.

FAREWELL, dear friends in Christ below,
I bid you all a short adieu :
My time is come, I long to go ;
I trust I soon my Lord shall view.

2 Farewell dear neighbors, brethren, friends,
I hope we soon shall meet with joy ;
My heavenly Father for me sends,
I go where nothing can annoy.

3 Adieu, thou sun, ye stars, and moon,
No longer shall I need your light ;
My God's my sun, he makes my noon,
My day shall never change to night.

4 Adieu, to all things here below,
Vain world, I leave thy fleeting toys ;
Adieu to sin, fear, pain and woe,
And welcome bright eternal joys.

5 Temptations, troubles, griefs, adieu ;
Sorrows becloud my face no more :
I go to pleasures ever new,
Where toils, and strifes, and wars are o'er.

- 6 Now I have done with earthly things ;
And all to come is boundless bliss ;
My eager spirit spreads her wings ;
Jesus says " come ; " I answer " yes. "
- 7 Weep not dear friends : I tell you all
I go to dwell with Christ on high ;
I hear my blessed Saviour's call,
And trusting in his promise die.
- 8 Father, I come to thee above,
All things below I leave behind ;
The fountain of eternal love
Is open'd to my joyful mind.
- 9 Eternity ! transporting sound !
While God exists my heav'n remains !
Fulness of joy that knows no bound
Shall make my soul forget her pains.

H Y M N 192. C. M.

A sight of heaven in sickness.

- 1 FT have I sat in secret sighs,
To feel my flesh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frightened eyes,
To view the tott'ring clay.
- 2 But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain ;
Diseases bring their profit too ;
The joy o'ercomes the pain.
- 3 My cheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings ;
Looks thro' the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.

- 4 Faith almost changes into sight,
 While from afar the spies,
 Her fair inheritance in light
 Above created skies.
- 5 Had but the prison walls been strong,
 And firm without a flaw,
 In darkness she had dwelt too long,
 And less of glory saw.
- 6 But now the everlasting hills
 Thro' ev'ry chink appear,
 And something of the joy she feels
 While she's a prisoner here :
- 7 The shines of heav'n rush sweetly in
 At all the gaping flaws ;
 Visions of endless bliss are seen
 And native air she draws.
- 8 O may these walls stand tott'ring still,
 The breaches never close !
 If I must here in darkness dwell,
 And all this glory lose !
- 9 Or rather let this flesh decay,
 The ruins wider grow,
 Till glad to see th' enlarged way,
 I stretch my pinions through.

H Y M N 193. L. M.

A Baptismal Hymn.

- THE great redeemer we adore,
 Who came the lost to seek and save ;
 Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
 To find a tomb beneath its wave !
- 2 " Thus it becomes us to fulfil
 All righteousness," he meekly said ;

Why should we then to do his will,
Or be ashamed, or be afraid ?

3 With thee into thy watery tomb,
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend ;
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room,
To lie inter'd by such a friend.

4 Yet as the yielding waves give way,
To let us see the light again ;
So on the resurrection day,
The bands of death prove weak and vain.

5 Thus when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide,
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
And rise and triumph at thy side.

A Poem on the death of a young Lady.

HAIL happy saint, so soon to reach the shore
Of joys immortal, and your God adore—
Has Jesus chose you for his heavenly bride ; }
Sent angels to escort you to his side, }
To drink of joys which mortals can't describe ; }
Is this your blessed lot with Christ to reign,
What earthly good could tempt you here again—
Altho' your clay is mould'ring in the tomb,
Your soul will flourish in immortal bloom ;
Then strike your golden harp ; your Saviour's
 love

Will be your joy and sweet employ above.
Farewell dear Betsey, 'tis the last adieu,
Till we shall meet to praise our Saviour too :
Oh had you stay'd to bless a brother's sight
With one dear smile before you took your flight—

But he arriv'd too late to hear you say,
 Farewell, dear brother, I am call'd away,
 My convoy waits, and Oh I may not stay.
 And now fond parents of our lovely friend,
 Some lines to you the muse doth here intend—
 Your grief is great, but God hath saw it best;
 Oh may his spirit make this trial blest ;
 It is God's stroke, tho' it doth come so near,
 That's call'd from you your only daughter dear—
 Then mourn aright--in mourning don't complain
 God gave--he takes--and blessed be his name.

To you the brothers that are left behind,
 Mourn in submission, for the Lord is kind ;
 Take her good counsel and prepare to die,
 The time will come : for ought you know 'tis nigh
 May parents, brother's, and domestics dear,
 Hear God's Almighty voice which speaks so clear
 The language is your earthly house must fall,
 May you be ready when pale death shall call,
 Rise, trim your lamps, the bridegroom may be nigh
 The morning watch, or may be midnight cry.
 And you young maids, companions of her youth,
 Receive instruction and embrace the truth,
 And when you think your life is just begun,
 Visit her vault and see what death has done :
 Are you secure ? may you not be bereft
 Of rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes in death ?
 Where is your lease of life ? O pray be wise,
 And in your youth secure the heav'nly prize :
 The promise is to you (Oh think how kind)
 For youth that seek him, Jesus faith shall find.
 Then let us all who moan this dear young friend,
 Weep o'er her tomb, and meditate our end ;
 Set light by earth, and place our hope above,
 And seek an int'rest in the Saviour's love.

Oh let us cry to God by faith and prayer,
That his good spirit may our souls prepare,
That when death calls our work may be well done
And we cry Jesus, come Lord Jesus come.
Now while we tell the mournful story o'er,
That dear young Betsey is now no more,
May faith behold the resurrection day,
When death shall have no power on sleeping clay;
But tombs shall burst, and graves give up their
dead,
And saints shall rise to join their glorious head--
And we ne'er fear again one parting pang,
But join the song of Moses and the Lamb.

T 2.

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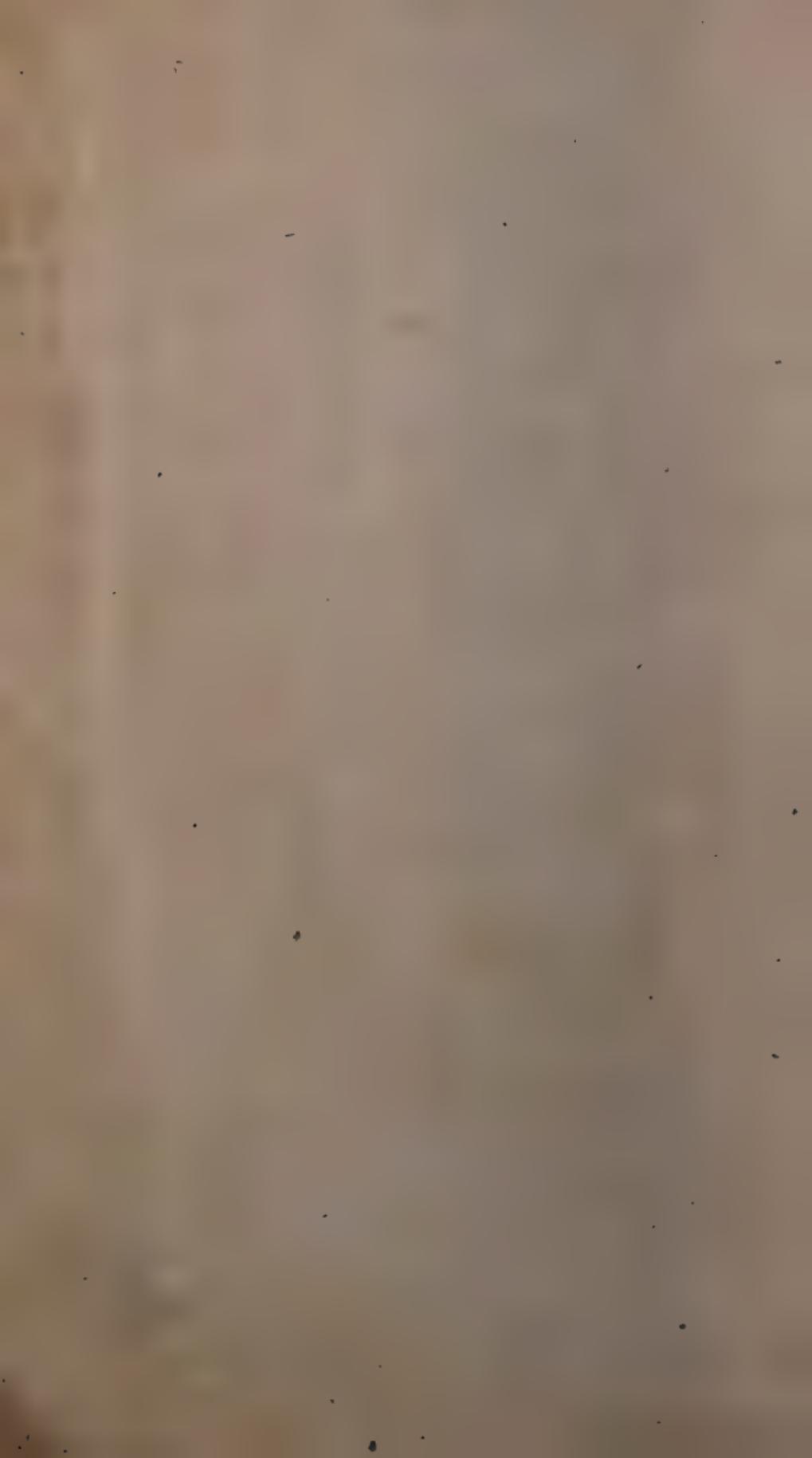
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H. & H.
Brode

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